MR. SIMPLE ON RACIAL EQUALITY . . . By Louis J. Halle, Jr.

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THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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by Gwethalyn Graham
Reviewed by Rosemary Carr Benét

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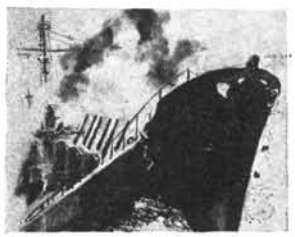

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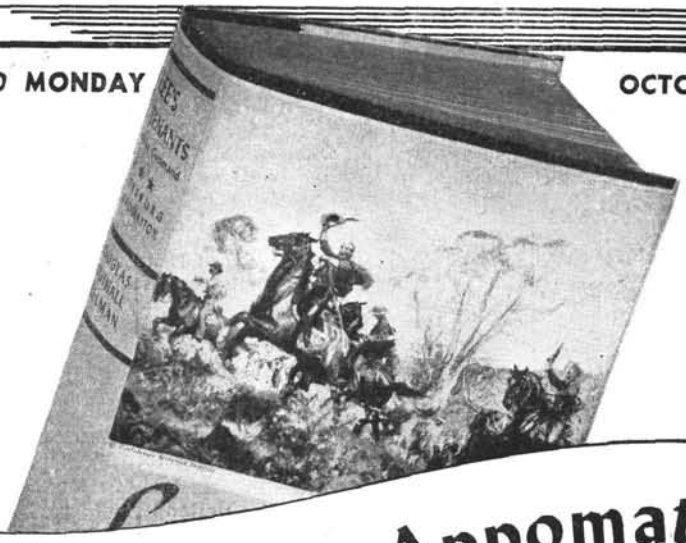

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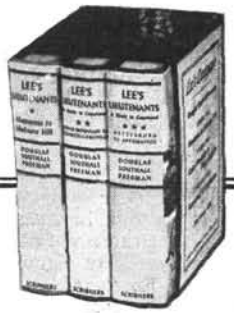

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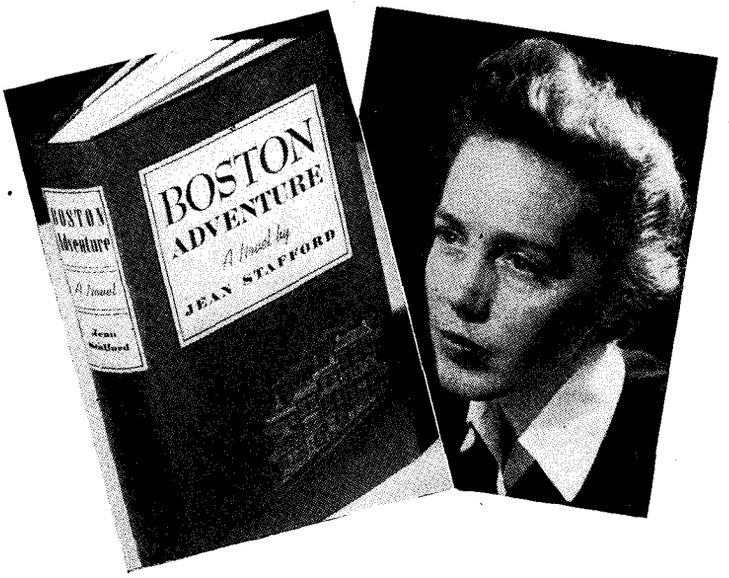

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About a book of short stories

PUBLISHERS are usually wary about bringing out books of short stories. There's a good reason for this lack of enthusiasm. Experience has taught them that it is far easier to get people interested in full novels than in groups of shorter fiction pieces. Besides, there is the competition of the excellent stories which appear every month in our national magazines.

But once in a while a book of short stories comes out which seems destined to reverse the normal rule and help book readers to discover a writer whom they have not yet found as a novelist. We have just published such a book—SEA DUTY, by *Jacland Marmur*. The author has already written three novels, and all of them received critical acclaim—but not much more. Meanwhile he has been quietly publishing a group of short stories in such large-circulation magazines as *Collier's* and the *Saturday Evening Post*. These stories carry an emotional intensity, a vigor and individuality of style, which mark them at once as far more than mere deft entertainment.

The author's agent submitted a group of these stories to us with the suggestion that perhaps we would care to do a book? We hesitated. One big book after another would be coming along this fall. How could we get a hearing for a group of short stories, even Jacland Marmur's? Then *Lincoln Colcord*, to whom we sent the collection for reading, sent us a report. In it he said, in part:

> *"These are quite the best American naval stories of the war . . . in almost every one Jacland Marmur rings the bell, and rings it emphatically. Nothing like them about the war is being brought out."*

We decided that the stories were too good to let them languish in the back-issue files of the magazines in which they had first been printed. We went ahead, made the book, and started to take orders. To our intense surprise, the orders came in, and in quantities larger than on any previous Marmur book. The advance sale of SEA DUTY is far larger than the total sale of his earlier books.

Apparently the booksellers and critics who had received advance copies agreed with Lincoln Colcord. Booksellers, who frequently rely, in placing their orders, upon advance comments from experts, were hearkening to reviews like this one from *Virginia Kirkus*:

> *"A really memorable collection with scarcely a let-down . . . He writes from intimate knowledge of the mood and tempo of the sea, of ships, of warfare, of the men, particularly of the little, unsung heroes. He writes from the heart of the comradeship of men at sea, of sense of duty broader than personal issues, of loyalty and faith. There are thirteen stories—all fine in their own ways, but for the particular flavor of the book, read* BAND OF BROTHERS, SEA DUTY, THE SEED OF GREATNESS, DOUBLE PLAY."

And now today, the day after the book's publication, it appears likely that SEA DUTY is going to be widely read and appreciated. We do not expect it to become a best seller. But we think that Jacland Marmur is beginning to find the public he deserves. And that, for a publisher, is always an exciting thing to watch.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Mr. Simple on Racial Equality

LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.

WHEN I came home this evening my friend Harry Simple was ensconced in my one easy-chair, a pamphlet open on his knees, a mug of beer at his elbow. I recognized the pamphlet as "The Human Races," by Dr. Benedict Weltfish Hooton Etalii, the latest in a series put out by the Citizens Committee for Education in Democracy. Dr. Etalii is, of course, the eminent anthropologist. The pamphlet had been sent me by a member of the Committee, who wrote that it was issued to combat Nazi racial doctrine, to promote better race relations between whites and Negroes, and to tell our soldiers abroad what they were fighting for.

"I have just been reading some of your subversive literature," Harry began, rapping the pamphlet with his knuckles. "I am surprised they allow this sort of thing in time of war."

"What are you talking about?" I asked.

"Why," he said, "this pamphlet maintains that objective scientific research has exploded the myths of racial superiority and has, on the contrary, conclusively confirmed the democratic doctrine of racial equality! 'Science demonstrates,' it says here, 'that there are no hierarchies of physical, mental, or cultural ability in human races and no rank-lists of virtues and vices.'"

"Good!" I said, settling myself opposite him and pouring myself some beer. "It's about time somebody spoke out and told the truth."

"Far from being an objective scientific exposition of the truth, as it pretends to be," said Harry, "this pamphlet perpetrates an intellectual fraud on the long-suffering American public. It is downright dangerous."

"Look, Harry," I said. "I have just come in out of the rain, I have just had an argument with a bus conductor, things didn't go very well at the office today, and I am tired. But I will not sit here and listen to treasonable talk, if that's what you have in mind to try on me. I happen to believe in racial equality."

"It is precisely because I believe in it myself," he replied, "that I feel alarm at the nonsense perpetrated by its partisans in the name of science. What this pamphlet actually does is to undermine the doctrine of racial equality and prepare the ground for the exponents of racial supremacy."

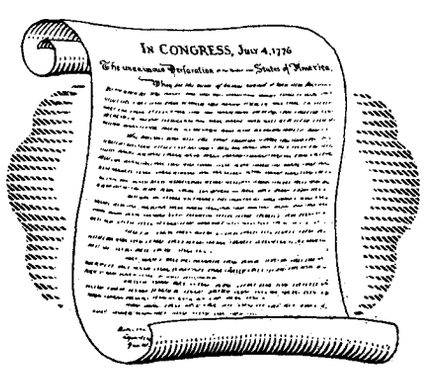
"Rot!"

"This pamphlet," he continued, "is propaganda masquerading as objective science simply to overawe those who might question it. I maintain that we shall not advance the cause of racial equality by masking the real logic that supports it with papier-maché arguments that are unconvincing because they are false."

"Professor Etalii," I said, "so far from being a fool or a fraud, as you imply, is one of our most distinguished living anthropologists."

"I will concede his distinction as a scientist," said Harry, "but as a philosopher he is an ignoramus, and it is a philosopher that is wanted here. Jefferson was a philosopher when he proclaimed that all men are created equal. I don't recall that anyone jumped on him because he had not first undertaken a scientific study of human beings, comparing their cephalic indices, their cranial capacities, their statures, and so on. If he had claimed equality on that basis, everyone would have laughed at him, and no one in his senses would have believed him. But that is exactly what your scientist is doing."

I am always at a disadvantage with Simple because, while my mind may be as good as his, it is not so quick. Having silenced me, he took a long draught of beer and proceeded more expansively.



"Dr. Etalii," he said, "had his mind on the combustible social issues involved in the relationship between whites and Negroes and in the Nazi assertion of Nordic supremacy. His unscientific passions were aroused by those issues. However, scientific objectivity is claimed by him. We must therefore assume that he approached the problem without any preconception of the results he would obtain and without any wish to support a particular thesis or prove a particular point. We must suppose he was equally willing to discover that all races are equal, that Negroes are superior to whites, or that whites are superior to Negroes.

Suppose, then, that after long and unswervingly objective research he precipitates a mathematically incontrovertible answer to the effect that races are not equal, that Nordics are distinctly superior to Mediterraneans, and that whites are superior to Negroes. He publishes these findings(if he can find a publisher) in a little book which is promptly blasted by every responsible reviewer in America. The outraged press takes up the cry on its front pages. He is charged with stirring up prejudice and superstition, with being a representative of the enemy, with defiling the fair name of science. Undoubtedly he is asked to resign from the university and, before a month is out, he has committed suicide."

"What the devil are you trying to prove by this nonsense?" I asked. "You are simply imagining a result he could not have obtained!"

"For the moment," he replied, "I am not concerned with the result. I am merely drawing attention to the consequences any scientist might have to face if he attempted to be truly objective on such an issue. It is, of course, true that anthropological science by itself offers no basis for believing in racial superiority. But it offers no basis for precisely the same reason that astronomy and integral calculus offer no basis, simply because

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it is not competent in the premises. It is not competent to measure virtues or to weigh vices. The plain fact is that races differ, just as individuals do, and while science can define the differences it cannot evaluate them. Science can say that Tom is taller that Jack, but it cannot say that tallness is good in itself or that it makes Tom superior to Jack. It can likewise say the Shilluk Negroes are taller than the Hottentots, but it cannot say they are therefore better than the Hottentots."

"You have made my point for me," I said.

"However," he continued, disregarding my interruption, "to say that science cannot by itself assess values is not to say that values do not exist. For example, we can assume, if only on the basis of a general consensus, that it is better to survive than perish, and that it is therefore better to be strong than weak and better to be intelligent than to be an idiot."

"All right," I said, "let's put it that science bases its conclusions regarding the equality of races on those agreed criteria."

I though I had him there for a moment. "Very well," he said at last, "if you are going to believe in racial equality on those grounds you will be an easy mark for the exponents of racial supremacy. If you believe it is by virtue of their physical and mental attributes that men are equal, then the evidence of your own senses will not permit you to believe for long in human equality. It is the same with races. Objective science itself, if not the evidence of your own eyes, provides the refutation."

"Damn it all, Simple," I said, "objective science does no such thing! Say what you will, Dr. Etalii is a distinguished and reputable scientist. I think he has more claim than you to speak for science!"

"I have already pointed out," he replied, "that Dr. Etalii has, for the moment, stepped down from the pedestal of science to join the ranks of the wartime pamphleteers. But when on the difference, say, between the Onas of Tierra del Fuego and the Eskimos of the Arctic, he tells another story. I have attended his lectures and I know. In his classroom he teaches that the Eskimos are vastly superior to the Onas in the ingenuity with which they have met the challenge of a hostile environment, what with their igloos, their tailored fur garments, their use of sleighs, their sun-goggles to prevent snowblindness, and all the rest. He shows how, by contrast, the Onas, also living in a wintry environment, shiver to death in a single untailored skin garment, and have no idea how to shelter themselves adequately from the weather. In that context he points out that the Onas are approaching extinction while the Eskimos are thriving."

I tried to interrupt, without success. "One could cite plenty of other instances from Dr. Etalii's objective teachings," he continued. "This same professor tells you that the Polynesians have possibly the finest physique of any people in the world, or he refers to the Lacandons of Central America as culturally degenerate. In his class on the Malayan region he attributes the displacement of the aboriginal pigmies by the invading Indonesians to the cultural, and perhaps to the intellectual and physical, superiority of the latter—yet no one therefore accuses him of preaching a subversive doctrine.

'However, the moment Professor Etalii emerges from the classroom and enters the field of social controversy, he swears in the name of science that such comparisons as he has just been making cannot be made at all. Despite what he has just been telling you of the Eskimo's superior culture and the Polynesian's superior physique, he now says science demonstrates that 'there are no hierarchies of physical, mental, or cultural ability.'"

"Professor Etalii," I said, seizing my chance at last, "would probably tell you that the difference between the Ona and the Eskimo was not a matter of race at all, that if you took an Ona infant and brought him up among the Eskimos he would, like as not, show himself just as clever as they."

"Speaking scientifically," Harry answered, "I should want some sort of evidence for that. I am sure that, if you raised a pigmy among giants, he would not grow up to be a giant on that account. His stature is a physical characteristic belonging to his race, and I see no reason to presuppose that psychological characteristics obey a different law. I should want evidence, and I am not aware that scientific research has provided any. In default of such evidence, it seems to me that we must judge peoples by their performance. In fact, it would be hard to explain on any other grounds the variations among races, in energy and intelligence, that history has demonstrated. History provides innumerable examples of races deteriorating in their vigor and being overwhelmed by races displaying fresh and superior vitality.

"Let me just cite one case," he continued, "as typical of many that would cast doubt on your theory. When the railways were first built through the Central American jungles, it was found that the native Indian labor locally available was utterly inadequate to the task in point of strength and stamina. Consequently, Negro labor had to be imported from abroad to do the job. I have ha dthe experience of

(*Continued on page* 28)

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

MORE FAMOUS ANIMALS IN LITERATURE

Here are ten more well-known animals from the pages of literature. How many of them do you remember? Allowing 5 points for each one you can call by name and another 5 for the story in which he appeared and the author who wrote it, a score of 60 is par. 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 33.

1. Disobeying his mother's commands, this little rabbit went into Mr. McGregor's garden and lost his shoe and his little blue jacket with the brass buttons.

2. When this mongrel was a puppy, a cruel milkman cut off his tail and both ears with a hatchet.

3. This horse wept big warm tears when his master, a Persian warrior, mortally wounded his own son through a misunderstanding.

4. Nurse to three children, this clever Newfoundland knew how to turn on the hotel water when it was time for their bath.

5. As this little forest deer grew older he discovered that life can be dangerous as well as beautiful.

6. A gypsy girl had trained this pretty write goat with gilt horns and hoofs to count, to give imitations of public personages, and to spell out with wooden blocks the name of the man she loved.

7. When his master accidentally hanged himself while fleeing from the police across the roof tops of London, this mongrel committed suicide by jumping to the pavement below.

8. Escaping from some Arabs who had taken him prisoner, a French soldier took refuge in a small desert oasis where this female panther fell in love with him.

9. This wild filly belonged to a 9-year-old boy who nursed her through injuries and fever until she finally became gentle.

10. After this old circus lion died of constipation, people paid an extra dime to go inside the cage with him.

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"Drawing Room 'Abie's Irish Rose'"

EARTH AND HIGH HEAVEN. By Gwethalyn Graham. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1944. 288 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROSEMARY CARR BENÉT

ONE of the hardest tasks to do successfully is the thesis-novel. At some point the thesis is apt to get out of hand and then the novel ceases to be a novel and becomes a tract. It all turns into a message and trips the reader up as obviously as the word *Moral* tacked on at the end of a nineteenth century story. It is to Miss Graham's credit that she has accomplished this difficult task expertly. Although she writes about one of the burning questions of the day—race prejudice—although the reader is never in doubt as to where her feelings lie, she is primarily interested in presenting a moving and human love story, and doing it with candor and humor. In other words, if it were possible to find a reader who had never heard of race prejudice and who had no feelings on the subject, he could still read this book as a fresh and appealing romance.

In a moment of rage and despair, the heroine of "Earth and High Heaven" describes her problem this way, giving an excellent summary of the book. "It's a sort of drawing-room version of 'Abie's Irish Rose,' without the comedy relief, isn't it? Very high class, of course, and brought up to date with the background of World War II." No reviewer can do better.

"Earth and High Heaven" is based on that oldest of all themes, that true love does not run smoothly—in this case, the obstacles being race and religion. When Erica Drake and Marc Reiser meet at a big cocktail party in Montreal, they fall in love almost at once. Erica is English-Canadian, and her family are what is known as socially prominent, being leaders in a somewhat provincial social world. Marc Reiser is a young, ambitious Jewish lawyer, about to enter the Army. Neither wishes to fall in love, but fall in love they do, to their own surprise and to the extreme consternation of both family and friends. They then run into all the cruel and stupid conflicts that prejudice and intolerance can put in their way. A simple emotional problem becomes for them finally a morbid and complicated one. Two attractive, intelligent people become tense and uneasy with everyone, even with each other and end by being unnaturally introspective and sensitive on all counts.

The leader of the opposition to their marriage is Charles Drake, Erica's father. Though a professed liberal, he is intensely prejudiced against Jews and the idea of one for his son-in-law is intolerable to him. He has already let down the bars reluctantly to a French-Catholic daughter-in-law and that is enough. Miss Graham makes Charles Drake, who would otherwise be an incredible figure, a father in the tradition of Mr. Barrett, cruel, selfish, and menacing in his devotion to his favorite daughter, a figure with Freudian implications. The strain of the already highly keyed tension is heightened by the fact that Marc has to

—From the jacket of the book

leave shortly for overseas. The emotions, a little too long drawn out, stop just this side of hysteria. Only a strong dose of common sense administered by Marc's brother saves the situation.

The setting of the book is Montreal, a city like New York in that it has various elements crowded on an island. Its highly complicated social structure is well presented. There is not only feeling between Jew and Gentile apparently. There are also the pro-French, pro-English, and pro-Canadian factions, to say nothing of various refugee strains, no two of which see eye to eye. The physical aspect of the city, evidently important to the author, is beautifully described, often with deep feeling. There is, for example, a poetic passage comparing Quebec and Montreal in terms of "what you would remember if you had to go somewhere else."

Although this is the work of a new writer, it bears none of the marks of one. It is skilful, mature work. Miss Graham has a good ear for conversation, a true flair for dialogue, and a saving sense of humor even when she is serious. She can do a small social scene (as John Marquand can) so that it suddenly becomes pointed and unforgettable. There is, for instance, the time when Erica has lunch with a man who fancies himself as a gourmet. He insists on ordering for her, however much she tries to assert herself. There are several amusing scenes in the newspaper office where Erica works as society editor, built around something as slight as a copy-boy-reporter's struggles to spell mousseline de soie.

In the course of a book so much concerned with love, there are many deep and wise reflections on what makes a happy marriage. "I know lots of people who are comfortably married, with nothing much to worry about, no really serious problems of their own, but they sit on opposite sides of the living-room at night and they might just as well be on opposite sides of the Atlantic, because they're not halves of the same whole, they're two separate wholes, two separate individuals who give you the feeling they got married by accident and might just as well have married someone else. They're not fundamentally interested in each other—they're interested in other things, in their children, in their house, their friends, and what keeps them together comes from outside, rather than from any inner necessity. That's something I've always been afraid of. What matters most to me is not being lonely and what scares me most is not being poor or ending up on the wrong side of the local prejudices or even the local conventions, but ending up on the wrong side of the living-room."

The title "Earth and High Heaven" comes, of course, from one of the loveliest and bitterest of the Housman poems, the one that contains also the line "Let us endure an hour and see injustice done." This is excellent work, both as thesis and as novel.

Pensive Squirrel

By Frances Frost

ON the fieldstone wall, a squirrel
sits contemplating dusk
and the first pale stars that whirl
above the grapevine musk.
Solemn he sits agaze,
his vibrant tail unmoving;
empty his nimble paws,
and soft and gray his clothing.
And black and bright his eyes
that never heed my coming
but stare into the skies
where fiery words are homing.

What thought's in that small head,
no mortal mind can fathom—
whether of daylight fled,
or the vast and darkening chasm;
whether of summer earth
and trails through leafy branches,
and evening giving birth
to wood-thrush avalanches;
or of the tree of air
where, adventurer alone,
he might grow bold and dare
to leap from sun to sun!

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Flight from Hitler's Europe

THE TERHOVEN FILE. By Robert Pick. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1944. 346 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

ROBERT PICK'S publishers tell us that he was born into an old Jewish-Viennese family, saw active service as an Austrian officer in the last war, won himself a considerable literary reputation in the 1930's, and left Austria upon Hitler's occupation of Vienna; after which, via Italy, France, and England, he made his way to the United States, where he arrived in March, 1940.

Such biographical details would ordinarily find no place in the review of a novel, but in this instance they are pertinent and even important, for the first book that Mr. Pick has chosen to write in English (and what a task and what a triumph that must have been!) is concerned with the very subject that these biographical facts assure us the author knows all too well: the flight, or attempted flight, of the persecuted Jew from Hitler's Europe. On this subject Mr. Pick is as interesting and as informing as any writer who has spoken to us, and more truly thoughtful, more objective, than most. His voice is always the voice of reason, however great the emotion that gives it strength. But he has chosen to speak as a novelist, and it is as a novel that "The Terhoven File" must be considered and judged.

The plan of the story is at once simple and promising. Stefan Simon, a Viennese lawyer, has had in his files a certain dossier relating to the so-called Terhoven case, a set of documents upon which the Nazis are eager to lay their hands. So, when the latter move into Austria, they quickly and unobtrusively accomplish their purpose, obtaining the papers from Stefan's brother-in-law, Gustav Rudiger, to whose safekeeping they have been consigned some years before. Stefan himself knows nothing of the deal, nor of the fate of the documents, but the price paid Rudiger is a passport for Stefan. ("Very generous of the Nazis," comments the reader. "They wished to do it as quietly as possible," replies the author. "But hasn't the Gestapo other ways of doing things quietly?" the reader counters.) However, before Stefan can obtain a foreign visa, the powers that be decide he may have held out on them, or made copies of the papers delivered—after which, the hunt is on. Stefan escapes to Switzerland and Italy, obtains a permit to enter France when Italy becomes too hot, and later makes his way into the unoccupied zone after the collapse of the French armies. From there, like many another, he tries desperately to obtain a United States visa. Meanwhile, he has interested and involved various widely separated persons in his fate; and, according to plan, it is the stories of these several persons, in relation to Stefan, that compose the body of the novel.

From the above it will be seen that Mr. Pick has chosen to write of a special rather than an average case. Stefan Simon is not just any Jewish lawyer at the mercy of Hitlerism: he is a man who has had in his possession documents scandalously damaging to the personal reputation of the Fuehrer; he is the lawyer of the Terhoven file. And this cursed Terhoven file, I submit, has cluttered and weakened and almost falsified Mr. Pick's otherwise admirable novel. Given titular importance and spot-lighted through the early pages, the famous "papers" dwindle in significance as the story progresses, with a resultant wandering of the reader's interest and a feeling on his part that a promise has not been fulfilled. Everything that is good in this book, and that is a lot, could have been in it without benefit of the Terhoven file. Without it the novel would have had a broader base and a more general validity, and without it the essential novel need hardly have been altered. For what matters is not Stefan, whom we never see in person until the final pages, but the characters who become involved in his problem; these characters, and their responses to the historical and moral situation he embodies. Their responses, for the most part, would be the same, file or no file. So far as they are concerned, Stefan Simon might as well be any European Jew. Indeed, it would be better—that is, "The Terhoven File," under a different title, would be a better novel—if he were any European Jew. But, wishing aside, there is enough here for which to be grateful. Here is a novel of character that is rich in moral and intellectual insights.

Here is Martha Simon, Gustav Rudiger's sister, who divorces her husband when the Nazi condemnation of mixed marriages throws its shadow across Austria. Has she shamefully yielded to the pressure of circumstance, or were she and Simon finished anyway? We are not told, and it may be that her worst torment is that she herself cannot be sure of the answer. But one thing is plain to the reader: without the man from whom she has severed herself, she is nothing.

Here is Gustav Rudiger, well-born lawyer of Vienna, son of an old family of civil servants, honest, kindly, well-intentioned, disapproving of all that

—*Gerda Peterich*

Robert Pick

Nazism stands for. "Could anybody blame him for what had come to pass? Wasn't he himself, although not exiled or tortured as yet, among the victims? He had not objected . . . not publicly objected. But even if he had, would the world—would only the small spot of earth he lived on—by a hair's breadth be altered had he, for instance, refused to raise his hand in the Hitler salute? Would only a single Jew less have been expelled or killed, had he, a small Viennese lawyer, spoken out against the horror?" Rudiger is the non-political man who discovers to his dismay that the rising political tide leaves him no ground upon which to stand, that "politics and life are practically identical with each other in our age."

Here is Klaas, the Party wheelhorse, not too intelligent but entirely faithful; the frustrated individual dreamer who has found salvation in a mass dream. For Klaas individuality is a prison, whereas absorption of his small body in the great encompassing body of the Party is nothing less than liberation. In Klass we see the final denial of all that man began to be—or began to think himself—at the dawning of the Renaissance.

Here is Hartmann, of Austrian birth, with an Ecuadorian passport and a beautiful French mistress, ready to do business with anyone and profitably active as an intermediary between a Reich that likes to read nice things about itself and a venal Paris press. But even Hartmann sets limits beyond which he will not go, and after the Nazis move into the city where he has served them, he finds himself, somewhat to his own astonishment, refusing a lucrative offer.

Here is Father Feichtinger, who speaks for the Church. "She doesn't compromise. The Church has lived with many a government and dealt with all —as a learned layman once so aptly

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put it. But she has never compromised. That is what made her survive." "She has known that no civilization rests in itself, and that freedom—the freedom men saw—was doomed without resting upon more than human will and man's reason and his self-set standards, however stern they may have been. Liberty, Rudiger, means nothing if floating in the void. Human dignity is an empty word without reference to the immortal human soul."

Here is Sir Edward Witherill-Simon, Jewish upon his father's side, who would really like to dissociate himself from his Middle European connections, who cannot believe that pogroms happen nowadays, who thinks reports from Germany must be greatly exaggerated; but who can always be counted on to do the correct thing, and who cannot wholly still the voice of conscience. Here are the Howard Cranes of Philadelphia, a nice youngish couple who express good-will in action while others merely talk it. They fill a large place in the novel, although a small one here, and their growth in understanding is one of the book's best things. (It is Howard who says: "it occured to me that in the end each new wave of our immigration is exactly worth what its second generation makes of it.") And here, at last, is an old French soldier-gendarme who says to his superior officer: "I don't think you can make me do that . . . Maybe it's just that I don't want to. Which sounds silly. But that's what it boils down to in the end. I don't want to." When Bartèque says that, he says something. If enough men had said it, the world would not be what it is today.

"The Terhoven File" presents the tragedy of the Jew within the larger setting of the tragedy of man. It is a book that will reward your reading, whatever faults you find in it. Mr. Pick's newly acquired English is generally easy, sometimes even lively, with only a word or phrase here and there to give the text a foreign flavor. He deserves to be congratulated upon a remarkable achievement.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 549)

G. DILLON:

ADDRESS TO THE DOOMED

(THE FLOWERING STONE)

. . . Be persuaded, Beauty cannot die
While there are minds to know her, who is not
Established only in the startled eye
But in the calm acropolis of thought.
.....
Yet She shall suffer not the sacking hand.
The city falls. The citadel will stand.

Following Through on the German Defeat

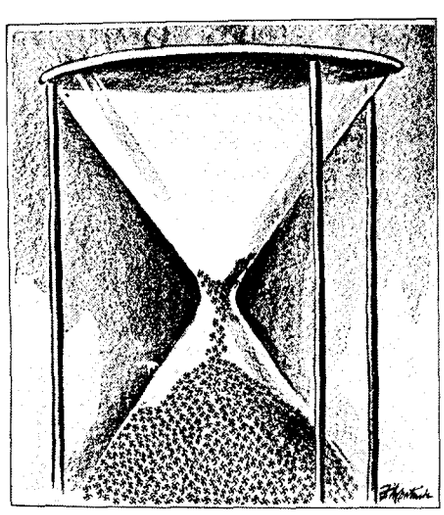
HOW TO END THE GERMAN MENACE: A POLITICAL PROPOSAL. By Five Hollanders. New York: Querido. 1944. 92 *pp.* $1.25.

OUR SETTLEMENT WITH GERMANY. By H. N. Brailsford. New York: John Day. 1944. 155 *pp.* $1.75.

Reviewed by VERA MICHELES DEAN

THE two small, but meaty, books under review are good examples of the many difficulties besetting any discussion of the terms the United Nations should impose on a defeated Germany. No responsible person advocates the extermination of all Germans, which, distasteable as it might seem to many, is obviously impracticable. But except for this preliminary qualification, the field for disagreement on basic principles and details of execution is wide open. And the divergences of views which have already developed, *sub rosa,* among the United Nations might well offer some hope to the Nazis that, by prolonging the defense of Germany through the coming winter, and pulling, meanwhile, all available diplomatic strings, Germany might yet succeed in snatching victory—or at least a tolerable peace—from imminent military defeat.

The five anonymous Hollanders who seek an answer to the question "How to End the German Menace" can be classified as advocates of a "hard" peace—although they are careful to state at the outset that they have no intention of destroying the Germans either biologically or economically. What they propose is to break up German territorial unity—not by tearing away pieces here and there as compensation to various neighbors of the Reich, but by creating three new German states, each of which would be oriented toward a different region of Europe.



—*Fitzpatrick in the* St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Running Low

The first state, East Germany, would consist of Mecklenburg, Saxony, former Prussia, and the eastern half of Saxony, exclusive of Anhalt. The second, South Germany, would be composed of Bavaria, Wurttemberg, Baden, Hesse-Darmstadt, and the Palantinate. The third, West Germany, would comprise the remainder of Prussia, Oldenburg, Brunswick, Anhalt, both the Lippes, the so-called Upper Hesse, Thuringia, and the Saar region. It might be possible, the authors suggest, to form a fourth state by grouping together the Hanseatic cities.

The authors point out that this division of Germany into three parts would correspond roughly to plans reported from London to the effect that, when the Reich is occupied by the Allies, East Germany would be occupied by the Russians, West Germany by the British, and South Germany by the Americans. From the political point of view, they believe, such division would facilitate the decentralization of the German administration, and to further this end they propose the elimination of Berlin as the capital of the Reich, and the transfer of governmental functions to three new capitals, which might be Dresden, Cologne, and Munich. From the economic point of view, too, they think their proposal has validity. For each of the new states would be more or less economically viable, possessing, in varying degrees, both industry and agriculture. Such economic difficulties as the new states would experience might merely spur them to associate themselves more closely with neighboring countries, thus speeding the integration of Germans into the European community. The authors, however, take no chances on the possibility of Germany's economic revival even after partion. Contrary to the views expressed by Moulton and Marlio in "Control of Germany and Japan," they urge the abolition of certain key industries, such as sections of the steel and chemical industries, the entire synthetic oil, synthetic rubber, and aviation industries, and the acquisition by the United Nations of a majority of the stocks or shares in the most important remaining German industrial enterprises—subject to eventual repurchase by the Germans once they have given proof of good behavior. They also advocate export monopolies, controlled by the Allies, for some German raw materials such as coal and potash, and import monopolies, also controlled by the Allies, over foreign raw materials essential for war purposes.

In their effectively presented arguments the five Hollanders proceed on the assumption that the menace of

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Germany can be eradicated purely by certain political and economic mechanisms, and devote no attention to the question whether the Germans might have acted differently had they lived under other internal and international conditions. It is to this question that H. N. Brailsford, distinguished British Laborite writer, addresses himself in "Our Settlement with Germany," While Mr. Brailsford has no illusions about the suffering the Germans have inflicted on Europe, he will be regarded as a member of the "soft" peace school of thought. He firmly opposes partition of Germany into three, four, or more states. He sees no advantage in the destruction of German industry—least of all if the United Nations intend to collect reparation in kind from Germany which would have to retain its industrial plant in order to make required payments. He emphatically disagrees with those who would place German industries and raw material resources under the control of United Nations industrialists or governments, fearing that bigger and better business monopolies would thus be established under the guise of preventing Germany's military resurgence. He is not impressed by demands for reëducation of the Germans by the Allies. Whatever reëducation may be undertaken after the war, he contends, must be done by the Germans themselves.

The two fundamental problems of our relations with Germany, as he rightly sees them, are the necessity for an internal revolution in the Reich, and the necessity for the maintenance, after the war, of the unity achieved by the United Nations. He fears that Britain and the United States will prefer to leave the structure of Germany—and Europe—much as it was before 1939, and that the occupation forces may be actually used to check any attempt by the Germans to effect a revolution against the ruling groups of Junkers and industrialists. The only alternative to a revolution, as he sees it, is direct government of Germany by a military administration of the Allies. But this will present so many problems, political and economic, that sooner or later the Allies will have to seek the aid of the Germans. For this reason he urges the Allies to lift the ban on political activities as soon as possible. What he fears most is not a politically active Germany, but opposition which is not allowed to express itself in the open, and resorts to secret conspiracy.

As for the post-war unity of the United Nations, Mr. Brailsford believes that, if it is maintained and developed, Germany, even if not dismembered or deprived of its industrial plant, will prove no match for its neighbors. But this aim cannot be achieved by wishful thinking or pious resolutions alone. The Allies will have to establish a really effective international organization, they will have to aid the economic and social development of backward areas in Europe which, because of their very backwardness, proved so vulnerable to German pressure, and they must be ready to accept, over the long haul, the controls and restrictions on their predatory activities which they intend to impose on Germany. This thoughtful program may appear to some people as unduly "kind" to the Germans. Our problem, however, as Mr. Brailsford so clearly sees, is not whether we should be kind or harsh to the Germans, but how we can go about making the world a safe place to live in for everyone, including the Germans—who cannot all be destroyed. "Physician, heal thyself" would well describe the tone of Mr. Brailsford's constructive little book.

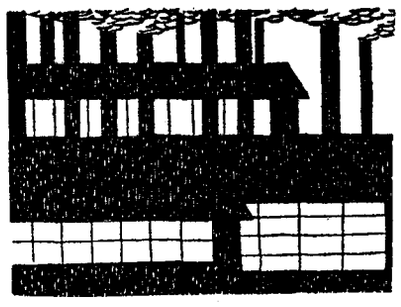
The Crusade Against Cartels

CARTELS. Challenge to a Free World. By Wendell Berge. Washington: Public Affairs Press. 1944. 266 *pp.* $3.25.

Reviewed by Louis M. Hacker

IF the Antitrust Division of the Department of Justice doesn't watch out, its crusade against cartels is likely to become as tedious as a twice-told tale. And exactly for that reason. For this is the second time, within eighteen months, that Department of Justice officials have gone to elaborate pains to prove the thesis that American business men have been taken in by the more wily Germans, particularly the I. G. Farbenindustrie.

Early last year, Joseph Borkin and Charles A. Welsh published "Germany's Master Plan," a careful and thoughtful analysis of how the tentacles of the German cartels had fastened themselves on some of our outstanding industries, particularly those calculated to be important in a future war effort. The operations of cartels by now are generally known; through price controls, allocations of markets, reduction of output, and patent manipulations they extend the practices of monopoly control into international production and trade. These are the habits of pools and trusts with which Americans have been familiar since the 1870s; but, when the Germans attached foreign offices, in effect, to their cartels—when their directors and officers worked hand-in-glove with the German military for the purpose of denying access to scarce materials or new synthetics to Germany's potential enemies—then the whole subject shifted to another plane. Cartels, in short, became agencies of national offense and defense, and too dangerous for world peace to be entrusted to the manipulations of individual business men.



Messrs. Borkin and Welsh knew this. So does Mr. Wendell Berge, who has succeeded Thurman Arnold as the Assistant Attorney General of the United States in charge of antitrust prosecutions. Mr. Berge simply adds to the case histories previously compiled by his coworkers. Starting with the theoretical outline here presented, he fills in his story with evidences adduced from departmental investigations into the following industries: synthetic hormones, vitamins, quebracho extract, titanium, optical instruments, among others. And an appendix indicates that the Department of Justice since 1937 has started some fifty suits, under our anti-trust laws, against American companies involved with foreign cartels.

So far so good; Mr. Berge is to be commended for his zeal and vigilance. Trials under our anti-trust laws, however, are not enough as far as purely domestic monopoly operations are concerned, to say nothing of international carryings-on, where secrecy and collusion are possible. For Mr. Berge to insist that all he needs is the Sherman Law with which to fight trusts and cartels—in the face of our victimization by the Germans in the 1930's—is to tax our credulity too much. The fact is, neither the Administration nor Mr. Berge has formulated a policy for handling the cartel problem; and this despite the general realization of how serious a threat to the high principles for freer world trade embodied in the Atlantic Charter and the Master Lend-Lease Agreement the cartel really is. Such being the case, one becomes a little weary of exposure alone. Mr. Berge is en exemplary public servant and deserves our gratitude; but, it must be said, his book has added little to our knowledge of the problem and nothing to our armory of weapons for confounding it.

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Public Opinion Is Big Business

WHAT AMERICA THINKS. By William A. Lydgate. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1944. 167 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GERALD W. JOHNSON

MR. LYDGATE is the man who thinks up the questions for the Gallup poll and it is his experience in that activity and in examining the tabulated answers that makes him think he knows what America thinks. Perhaps, indeed, he does. In any event, he has written a most interesting book, in which he wanders to and fro, hither and thither, upsetting applecarts in a liberal, even lavish, manner that will delight the contumacious of all sects and factions. By the same token, he will outrage the traditionalists. Whether the delighted will be more than the outraged is a question; but hardly anybody will be bored, so if the first duty of a book is to be interesting this one may be deemed a success.

Mr. Lydgate's own attitude is neatly summed up in a line he quotes from Raymond Clapper: "Never overestimate the people's knowledge nor underestimate their intelligence." Then he proceeds to present an impressive body of evidence supporting the theory that you can hardly underestimate their knowledge or overestimate their intelligence. Yet that is what our putative leaders of public opinion are constantly doing.

Thus the book evolves into a severe castigation of editorial writers, columnists, commentators, and schoolteachers. It is not an outburst of moral indignation; Mr. Lydgate's objection to these worthies is not that they are wicked, but simply that they don't know their own business. Assuming to impart their wisdom to the people, they address them in what might as well be Choctaw.

For example, the Gallup samplings indicate that to 24 per cent of the American public the term "liberal," in its political sense, means the opposite of a tightwad. If a man spends money readily, *i.e.,* liberally, he is a liberal, regardless of his views on civil rights. Even worse is the showing with regard to another favorite of those who constantly admonish the unlearned, "free enterprise." Hardly three Americans out of ten have a clear conception of the dictionary meaning of the term, and of the confused 70 per cent a very large proportion believes that it means freedom to put over a fast one in a business deal, if you can.

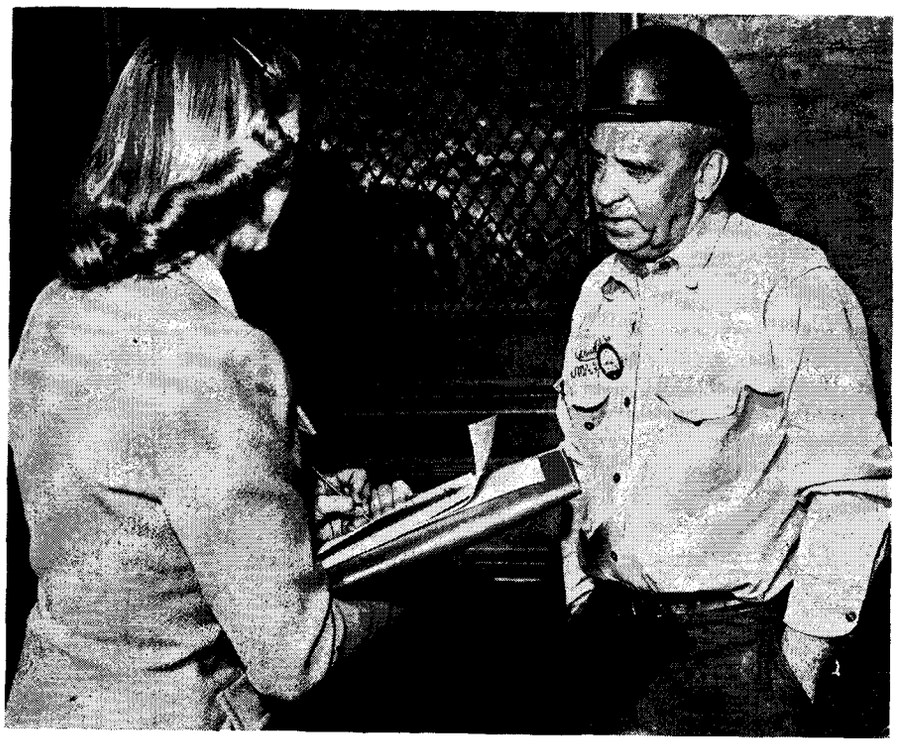
This is a real stunner. Today numbers of conscientious American editors identify free enterprise with business morality and regard their crusading in its behalf as in the nature of a holy war. It should interest them greatly to learn that perhaps half of their readers believe that when they shout for free enterprise they are consciously advocating immorality. If that situation prevails generally, it need astonish no one to learn that the most careful estimate of the weight of editorial opinion thus far made indicates that it may influence a maximum of 1.5 per cent of the total vote.

But why are the American people so startlingly ignorant of the conventional definitions of quite common words? Here is where the pedagogues get a sideswipe. Formal education, asserts Mr. Lydgate, has been made so dismally dull in the public schools that the American frequently emerges from them not merely uneducated, but highly immunized against infection by any book-learning.

Yet Mr. Lydgate has said that the people, as a whole, are intelligent, thereby posing once more the question that is beyond the comprehension of our verbal-minded intelligentsia. The question is how can a man who does not understand a simple word yet manage to grasp a relatively complex idea? The fact that he does is abundantly proved by the experience of the poll-takers; many of the very people who defined a liberal as closely akin to a spendthrift and free enterprise as much like freebooting understood clearly the efficacy of broadening the base of income taxation in reducing the danger of inflation and favored broadening the base long before the politicians in Congress.

Indeed, Mr. Lydgate asserts flatly that the astounding success of the Democratic Party for the past twelve years is due to its ability to reach a conclusion only a few months after most of the people have already reached it, whereas the Republicans have usually taken from six months to two years to get there. The broadening of the income tax base is only one instance of many he cites in which the phenomena followed the same order: first, the Gallup poll, or another, reported a majority of the people in favor of an idea before any prominent politician of any party had taken it up; second, a couple of months—in extreme cases, six months—later some prominent Democrat leaped into greater prominence by whooping for the idea; and, third, after an interval lasting sometimes two or three years, the Republicans came around. This is conspicuously true of the more important war measures, draft, lend-lease, wage-price control, and so on. This leads to the curious conclusion that Mr. Roosevelt is the leader of the Republicans only; he accompanies the Democrats and follows the people—a conclusion well designed to displease everybody.

The book overflows with weird notions that are prevalent in the republic—that on the scale of animate nature, for instance, Danes stand very high, but Mexicans are only a step above Japanese; that rich men don't



A voter being interviewed by a reporter for the Gallup poll.

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like eggs; that the poor think the extremely rich are taxed too heavily; and many others only less astonishing.

Finally, Mr. Lydgate thinks, and he thinks America thinks, that his activities and those of his compeers—I decline the less elegant term competitors in so high-toned a discussion—are socially and politically valuable. Here, too, he may be right; but the answer must not be given without important qualifications.

Sometimes a man in public life ought to take the unpopular side. If he cherishes some faint hope that it may not be as unpopular as it looks, it is easier for him to do his duty. But if public opinion were always measured precisely, no such doubt could linger and a heavier burden would be laid upon the man who must do what is right in spite of the wrath of his constituents. For the public, be it remembered, if it is always intelligent is always to a large extent misinformed, and therefore may be wrong in its decision.

In the second place, while it is true that the sampling method, applied by a statistically correct technique, gives highly accurate results, it is equally true that a statistically correct technique is enormously difficult. This lays the field wide open to sincere quacks, who are the deadliest kind. Proving that Mr. Roosevelt is really the Republican leader is nothing by comparison with what statistics carelessly or incompetently applied are capable of doing. The social and political desirability of samplings depends, therefore, on their reliability, which in turn depends upon such extreme care that it may be wrecked by a very small intrusion of bad luck.

However, their entertainment value is beyond question. If this book had nothing else commendable it would have merit simply because its entertainment value is beyond debate.

Don't Stop Me If You've Heard This One

TALL TALE AMERICA. By Walter Blair. New York: Coward-McCann. 1944. 262 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HAROLD FIELDS

CARL VAN DOREN once wrote about Baron Munchausen and his ilk that, "they lie for the joy they get from it and the fun they give by it." Walter Blair has followed through that approach and has given us a volume of tall stories that puts the story of the American beet, that was so large that a whole platoon of police could sleep on it, in the dark. He has taken the elements—geographical and historical—in the growth of this country and woven about them "tall tales"—worse, very tall tales.

The desire to create fun and amusement for others fits into the needs of our times. To review a book like this in serious vein is, at first thought, incongruous; yet even such treatment is deserving because there is an art in telling stories that belie belief. As the author himself says of his characters, "More than two-thirds of the lies they told, weren't true at all." To tell tales like those found in this book requires not only an appealing style and a seemingly-logical continuity, but an imagination that can soar to undiscovered (and I hope, undiscoverable) heights. Thus one of the fictitious, factitious, and factious characters yclept Febold describes a fog he helped remove in these words:

> There was a little fog at first, then more and more of it, until taking a walk alone was impossible. At least two people would be needed so one could part the fog and hold it apart while the other one walked through. Cattle didn't have to be watered, because they could drink the fog. But the dirt farmers were scared speechless, because their crops were in a bad way. You see, some of the seeds had figured that the closest sunshine was in China, and had started growing downward.

"Tall Tale America" is a series of exaggerated stories that are set within the framework of American development. Although each hero is associated in time with some area or person in our history, history itself is relegated to the background. Thus, Windwagon Smith rates a full chapter, as does each of the other heroes, but the Civil War period in which Windwagon's activities take place, is condensed into the following words: "The (war) came closer and closer. After a while it began, and after a while it ended. As usual, people were mighty glad to have peace come along after the end of the war." Who is to gainsay the fact that history, thus presented, might not win the approval of college students the country over?

It is the final chapter entitled, "We've Still Got Heroes" that marks Mr. Blair as the fine humorist. Real humor has a philosophy all its own; Mark Twain, Finley Peter Dunne, Clarence Day, Roark Bradford, Dorothy Parker, O. Henry—all used their humor as a means to an end. If the unexpected ending, the unique twist to a circumstance, causes a spontaneous laugh to burst forth, it makes all the more palatable and convincing the serious element and purpose behind the story. Like all true humorists, Walter Blair is not a mere gatherer of jokes and puns; his stories have a relevancy to the contemporary scene that makes itself subtly (though humorously) felt.

The author has accomplished this step deftly and superbly in his final chapter. When the visitor to the Pentagon Building urges that this war be won by finding heroes as great as these whose tall tales have been told within the pages of the book, the officer whom he addresses matches their fabulous deeds with real stories of this war: "Out on the Pacific Coast there is a fellow, this war, that runs some shipyards, and you never saw the way ships get built out there . . . As to (a) bridge across the Channel—well, we've got enough ships and men to build a bridge of ships." He tells the story of the enemy force that dared to charge a hill because they were told there was but one Marine on top of it. But when asked why they were running down the hill, they cried, "You lied to us—there are *two* Marines up there."

In an effective manner this book ends in a burst of tribute to American deeds and courage that leaves the reader in a mellow and proud spirit. The lesson of our country is well set forth: we are guilty of telling tall tales, yes—but we have made many a tall tale dream come true.

—From the book "Art in Federal Buildings"

From a mural by Lorin Thompson.

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The Biggest Military Operation in History

INVASION! By Charles C. Wertenbaker. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1944. 168 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by
BRIGADIER GENERAL DONALD ARMSTRONG

IN years past thousands of Americans found Cherbourg a pleasant way to enter France. In those days the Douane was the only obstacle to going ashore. There were, however, always quick and simple means of overcoming its resistance. But, on June 6, the military obstacles to a landing at Cherbourg and on the adjoining coast were the most formidable ever devised. Nevertheless, half a million men, soldiers and sailors, Americans, British, and Canadians, sailed in 4,000 ships to seize that port as a base for future moves to destroy the Nazi Army.

History has no record of a greater combined military and naval operation than this landing on the Normandy coast. Mr. Churchill had said to its commanders: "The fate of the world is in your hands." This major maneuver of all military history deserved a worthy analyst. Mr. Wertenbaker has proved his admirable qualifications for the task so that future historians will be grateful for his eyewitness account. Today's readers will find in his book an exceptionally competent report, published only three months after D-day, on the planning and the performance of the great invasion. The samples of Mr. Capa's fine photography increase the regret for the unlucky carelessness that lost the majority of his invasion pictures.

Mr. Wertenbaker stresses the thought and study that are necessary preliminaries to a move of this magnitude. No civilian observer has described better the long months of planning for D-day required to assemble and train personnel, to gain necessary information, to determine objectives, and to gather the necessary supplies to accomplish the mission. He has well merited praise for the coöperation between the British and ourselves, and between the land, sea, and air forces that made the invasion a well-coördinated and successful venture.

The story commences June 3 on board a Naval transport where Headquarters, First Army, was installed. Mr. Wertenbaker communicates effectively the agonizing uncertainty of watching the approach of the storm that stopped 4,000 ships and postponed their departure for twenty-four hours. The bad weather almost did what the Germany Army in France was unable to accomplish. But, on the morning of June 6, the escorting battle wagons, cruisers, and destroyers had herded the landing craft into their positions off shore. The landings by the various American divisions on the allotted sectors met varying degrees of resistance. Nowhere was it easy to overcome the German obstacles, and the ultimate price paid by the American Army for the right to use Cherbourg was over 3,000 men killed and many thousands wounded. Never have men given their lives in war for a more valuable and important objective. Moreover, besides winning their fight, the Americans captured more than 40,000 prisoners and buried more than 4,000 German dead. The three weeks needed for this portion of the campaign in France is the subject of Mr. Wertenbaker's impressions.

Since he spent most of his time with the 9th Division, he uses, with generous credit, the eye-witness account of Don Whitehead of the Associated Press to depict the unexpected and critical resistance that was met in the 1st Division sector, and for the report on what happened to the 82nd Airborne Division he relies on William Walton to furnish the details. His own report on the advance of the 9th until it entered Cherbourg is an outstanding contribution to the history of this war. Very cleverly he moves from division headquarters and its problems to the regiment and thence to lower units. There are few available accounts that make so clear the team work within a division, the uncertainty, and the difficulties of command in action as does this book.

Mr. Wertenbaker also analyzes with keen insight the character and ability of General Omar Bradley and reports on the reaction of the French inhabitants to the invasion. Of General Bradley he writes:

> A simple man with a simple man's faith in himself, Omar Bradley had embarked on a mission for which he had worked and trained. If he succeeded, he would be a great general; if he failed, he would be forgotten. Since he has none of the theatrical qualities of a Patton or a Montgomery, his place in history would depend entirely on his performance. If he did prove to be a great general, the kindness and simplicity which had made him a good man would make him a very great man.

Invasion reinforcements. American soldiers of the Allied Expeditionary Force clamber from a LC-I vessel into a landing barge.

Thus succinctly Mr. Wertenbaker summarizes General Bradley's certain place in his nation's history.

The people of this country who crowded around their radios that June morning will never forget the tenseness and solemnity of that day and those that followed. Mr. Wertenbaker's story of what happened on the American beachheads and subsequently on the Normandy fields fulfils our most sanguine expectations of a first report on the great invasion.

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Strictly Personal...

BEFORE I FORGET

ALL through the summer months, as the thrilling reports of Allied advances came in, my thoughts kept turning back to the Summer months of 1932—the last of the Weimar Republic—most of which I spent in Germany. In late April, I had stopped for a day in Berlin en route to Moscow. As I strolled through the Lustgarten, I found a street meeting in progress and paused to listen to a spidery little man who was addressing a crowd from the steps of the old royal palace. The speaker, I learned from a bystander, was Dr. Goebbels—a name then only vaguely familiar to me. It was a dull speech, the crowd showed only mild interest, and, after a few minutes, I strolled on.

Later in the day, I had a drink, in the bar of the Hotel Bristol, with the able and energetic American correspondent, H. R. Knickerbocker. We discussed the German political situation—or rather, I asked questions and Knickerbocker gave me his opinions. It was a period of great political instability. Repeated attempts to organize a workable Reichstag coalition had failed; the weak ministries collapsed, in rapid succession, and election followed election. Knickerbocker had just returned from a swing around the country with Hitler and he was writing a book about it. I knew that the Nazi vote was increasing, with each successive election, and I asked Knickerbocker what he thought of Hitler's chances. He replied that they were slight; that, as a matter of fact, Hitler did not want to become Chancellor, for he knew that he had no program, no remedy for Germany's multiple ills. As a gadfly, as an irritant, as leader of the opposition, said Knickerbocker, Hitler's position was a strong one; but, were he to assume the responsibilities of government, the emptiness of his grandiose promises would soon become apparent and he would be quickly discredited. Coming from an expert, this was a comfortable prognosis, and I left for Moscow, considerably reassured about Germany's future.

In Russia, there was some evidence of uneasiness about Hitler; but the big guns of the communist press were trained, principally, upon the German Social-Democrats—in particular, upon the veteran leader, Karl Kautsky, who, ridiculously adorned with a pickelhaube, was caricatured as a servile lackey of the Junkers.

In July, I returned to Germany, by way of Finland, Sweden, and Denmark. Everywhere in Scandinavia, I saw and heard evidences of popular unrest—it was the very nadir of the depression—and, in respectable circles, I found a strong anti-communist bias. On the Sunday evening following my arrival in Hamburg, I sat in a big bierstube, in the Repperbahn, drinking Pilsener and watching a troupe of Bavarians, in their ledehosen, performing the Tyrolean schuhplattix dance. The place was jammed and everybody was having a wonderful time. Along about midnight, I walked back to my hotel, through quiet streets. It was not until next morning that I learned that, while I had been sitting in the beer-hall, a bloody riot had been in progress, in the industrial suburb of Altona, not a mile away. A parade of Nazi Storm-troopers had been deliberately routed through the heart of the communist quarter. Somebody had thrown a stone, shots had followed, and, when the smoke cleared, there were a dozen dead and scores injured. (One of Hitler's first official acts was a wholesale execution of Hamburg Communists.)

I returned to Berlin, in the middle of another election campaign—another desperate attempt to elect a Reichstag capable of creating a firm Governmental bloc (for no one party had any prospect of obtaining a clear majority). In the residential quarters of the city, banners fluttered from every third window: the swastika of the Nazis, the hammer and sickle of the Communists, the three broad arrows

—*Jensen in the* Chicago Daily News
Doom Writes the Final Chapter

of the Social-Democratic Eisener Front. Bands of tall, strong, blond boys and girls roamed the streets: brown-shirted Siegfrieds and bare-headed, bare-legged Brünhildes. At luncheon, in the fashionable outdoor restaurant adjoining the Kroll Opera House, a Sunday crowd, that had listened politely to a program of sentimental ballads, shouted its approval as the big band switched to the traditional Prussian military marches. Throughout the city, there was an air of expectancy.

Something did happen, a few days later, though, at the time, it did not seem at all spectacular. From my window at the Bristol, I saw a crowd gathering, before the Prussian Ministry of the Interior, on the other side of Unter den Linden. Cars arrived and departed, and, presently, the crowd was quietly dispersed by the police. That was all. Later, I learned that a Wehrmacht lieutenant, accompanied by two or three privates, had entered the building and had informed the Social-Democratic Minister that he was under arrest. The Minister had bowed, picked up his hat, and accompanied the lieutenant to the Moabit Prison. Nobody knew it, but it was the effectual end of the Weimar Republic. (Years afterward, in New York, an exiled Social-Democratic leader, with whom I discussed the incident, told me that careful plans had been made for a general strike: every detail had been worked out, the workers were waiting for the signal. "It was only necessary to push a button," he said. I asked why nobody had pushed the button. "Well," he replied, with a shrug, "it would have meant cutting off all the public services—no light, no water. Think of the condition the toilets would have been in!")

As the election campaign approached its climax, I purchased from the porter at the Bristol a reserved seat in a front box, at the Grunewald Stadium, where Hitler was to address a big rally. The meeting took place in the late afternoon, and the stadium was packed to capacity, as was the adjoining race-track, to which the speeches in the stadium were transmitted by loud-speakers. Altogether, there were probably 100,000 persons present—nearly all of them under twenty-five years of age.

The show began with the entrance, in marching order, of several thousand Storm-troopers, in spick-and-span brown uniforms. To the music of massed bands, they performed gymnastics and military routines, with a precision that could not fail to enrapture anybody who likes that sort of thing. And the spectators liked it a lot. The Storm-troopers withdrew and now Dr. Goebbels appeared on the

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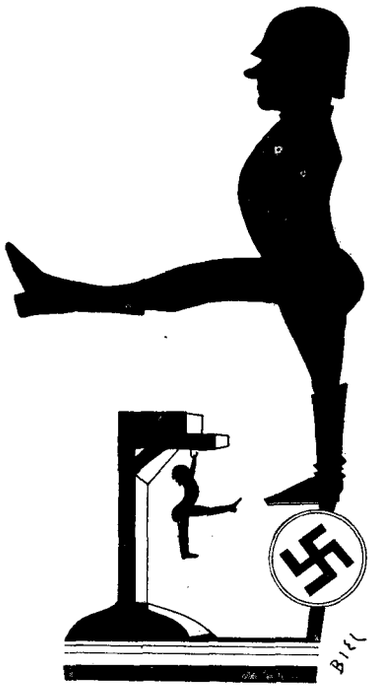
speakers' tribune and harangued the crowd, with a rambling address that was rewarded with polite cheers. Everybody knew it was just a preliminary, designed to keep the audience entertained and to warm it up for the main event. It was getting late, when Goebbels finished, and, as he sat down, a murmur of expectancy ran through the stands. After a carefully-timed wait—just long enough to bring the appetite of the eager throng to the right degree of acuteness—the sound of an engine was heard overhead and a small plane emerged from the deepening dusk. As it circled the stadium and swooped down for a landing on the race-track, the roar of its motor was drowned in the roar of the crowd.

After another longish interval, in which could be felt the mounting tension of the waiting tens of thousands, a touring-car entered the stadium and the spectators sprang up in frenzied excitement. The top of the car had been lowered, and on it, his feet on the back seat, sat Hitler, brown-shirted and hatless. The car crept around the vast perimeter of the stadium and in answer to the deafening cries of "Heil Hitler!", the Fuehrer's upraised right arm flapped the fascist salute. By the time he reached the tribune, it was almost too dark to see him. But, suddenly, the Storm-troopers tramped into the stadium again, each man holding aloft a flaming pitch-torch. The files deployed, the troopers took their stations beneath the stands and, in a few minutes, the stadium was entirely ringed with fire—an ominous symbol, perhaps, of the years to come. It was breathtakingly beautiful. It was Belasco, it was Reinhardt, it was DeMille; but magnified a hundred diameters.

Now came the long-awaited moment. In the flickering light of the flambeaux, Hitler stepped out of the shadows to the front of the tribune and began to speak. No one who has heard that throaty, vibrant voice, charged with what seems to be an unendurable excess of emotion, can ever forget it. What he said was of little consequence. It was a long, rambling diatribe, against the Treaty of Versailles; an incoherent recital of the indignities and humiliations which Germany had suffered. It was a speech devoid of logic and of reason. Speaking as an aspirant to the Chancellorship of the Reich, he discussed no public issues, offered no Governmental program. Over and over, he shouted: "We must strike off our chains! We must be free again! We must be Germans again! We must be men again!" And with each repetition, the answering shouts of approval grew more frenzied. At the end, in a voice so hoarse that it



was painful to hear, came the single word: "Deutschland!" And a 100,000 throats shouted: "Erwache!" Again and yet again: "Deutschland!" and the answering "Erwache!" Then he withdrew from the tribune and, in the pandemonium that followed, the bands struck up the Horst Wessel song and a 100,000 young voices bellowed the words.

I went away, really frightened; for I have a dread of the irrational, and this manifestation of it conjured up a vision of a dangerous madman riding to power, on a wave of undisciplined adolescent emotion. I found that many Germans were frightened, too. Next day, I lunched with some highly-cultivated, well-to-do German-Jewish friends, and, when I told them that I had attended the meeting, they literally trembled and turned pale. But, as a foreigner, I was naturally thinking in terms of political, rather than of personal, danger and I asked them how they intended to vote. It was a little bewildering to learn that they were voting for the Center (Catholic) Party; for it seemed obvious to me that the only real bulwark against Hitler was a strong left coalition. But my friends were propertied people, and were almost as much afraid of Russia as they were of Hitler.

On the night of the election, Edgar Ansel Mowrer, the brilliant Central European correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News,* invited me to hear the returns, in his paper's office, in Unter den Linden. A few other casual tourists were there, as well as Professor Harper of the University of Chicago and several German journalists—a dozen people in all. It was very much like an election-night gathering in America; returns kept coming in over the radio, and everybody was busy, keeping tally-sheets and trying to analyze the trend of the voting. Long before midnight, it was apparent that the new Reichstag would come no nearer organizing a stable Government than had its predecessors. There had been some change in the relative strength of the numerous parties, but not enough to be decisive. In the main, there had been a falling off in the vote of all the smaller parties. The Social-Democrats, too, suffered a substantial loss, but there was a corresponding gain for the Communists. The Nazi vote had remained practically stationary, at about one-third of the total poll.

To all those present—and they were all close students of German politics—the failure of the Nazis to increase their vote seemed highly significant and encouraging. Mowrer said that a sporadic movement like Nazism depended upon a rapid and ever-increasing growth. Once it stopped expanding, it was bound to collapse. In his opinion, the Hitler tide had reached its flood, and would now begin to ebb, quickly. The others nodded agreement. Then Mowrer said that, just for fun, he was going to phone Hitler's press-agent, Ernst Hanfstaengl. He called the Brown House, in Munich, and got Hanfstaengl on the wire. "Hello, Putzi," he said. "How does the Fuehrer feel about the election?" As he listened to Hanfstaengl's reply, he turned and winked to the rest of us; and, when he hung up, he said: "Hanfstaengl says Hitler is very pleased with the result. But that's just keeping up his front. He knows he's licked."

It sounded very encouraging, and, for a few days, I felt much better about the whole situation. But as I kept reading of the increasing boldness of the Storm-troopers and the growing public disorders, my misgivings began to return. Nor were my fears allayed when I stopped over in Hanover, on my way to the steamer at Bremen, and found the city plastered with virulently anti-Semitic posters.

I came back to an America in which those people who were not on the bread-lines were still busy calculating their stock-market losses. They were not much interested in hearing about Russia, and even less interested in hearing about Germany. It was all so far away and they had so many other things on their minds. Returning travelers are bores, at best, and now, with everything going to pot, who wanted to hear about the antics of a crazy Austrian paper-hanger with a Charlie Chaplin mustache?

Six months later, Hitler became Chancellor of the Third Reich.

ELMER RICE.

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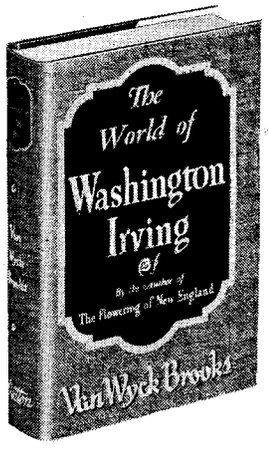

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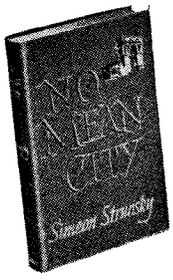

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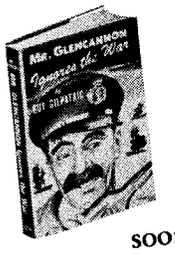

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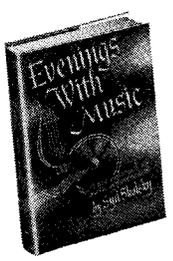

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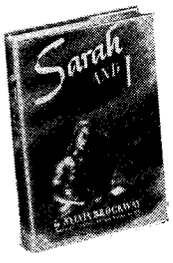

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SARAH AND I

by SYLVIA BROCKWAY

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NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT

THE psychology of nations at war undoubtedly follows much the same pattern at all times and in all pacific lands. There must always be the first horrified realization that the stable world of peace is gone, that youth and valor are to be slaughtered, homes broken up, loved ones lost—an agony still imagined rather than felt. There follows the excitement, the exhilaration of sacrifice, the awful intensity of the days when battle becomes a reality and hopes rise and fall with every report from the front, the shuddering response to the first casualty lists, the slow acceptance of the fact that wars are not won in a day and that resolution and courage will flag and need bolstering ever and anon. And then eventually comes the time when civilian populations begin to immerse themselves once more in the routine of ordinary life, and when in a country like America, fortunately remote from the actual scene of suffering, daily existence takes on the appearance of callous indifference.

Indifference there cannot be, for there is no family in this land today which has not a personal stake in this conflict, some member of which is not in the battle line or in camp preparing for it, some loved one or dear friend already lost. But the countryside wears the appearance of peace, and the cities flaunt the luxury of their shops, the streets teem with well-dressed, comfortable, and busy men and women, restaurants and theaters are full to overflowing, and life moves with animation and even gaiety. Our men returning from the front are struck by the apparent heedlessness of their countrymen, and are hard put to it not to express bitterness that their homeland should seemingly be so little awake to the horrors of which they themselves have so recently been a part. And yet they, too, realize that this society which is so removed from true understanding of suffering is caught on the horns of a dilemma. For if it gives itself over to anxiety and grief it weakens morale at home and inevitably transmits that weakened spirit abroad. It cannot go clad in the crepe of sorrow without spreading depression in its wake, and yet if it follows its normal pursuits in normal guise it has all the appearance of ignoring the tragic realities that shut it in. There can be none among us who going out into the sunshine of a beautiful day, and feeling the lift of spirit that air and skies bestow, is not painfully aware of a sense of guilt in his own personal well-being and of the vicious disparity between his security and the tragic plight of millions of his fellow-men. Yet the terrible—or is it perhaps the fortunate—thing is that the imagination of the average person is so limited that what he has not experienced he cannot conceive. He can wince at the sight of a soldier limping along on a crutch but he cannot with any actuality envisage the whole carnage of war. If he could, there would be no wars.

But wars there are, and it is the folk back home who better than the men engaged in the deadly reality of battle can bend their efforts to their future prevention. The soldier has only one obligation—that to the task in hand, and it would be unwise as well as too much to expect of him that while he is fighting one war he should be intent on making war improbable. But it behooves the citizen at home to walk with that thought always in mind, to get what light and leading he can now on the problems that will confront him when the guns shall have ceased to fire, and to know how he stands on moot matters which his representatives in Congress will have to take action on. Candidates for the United States Senate, for instance, have recently been polled as to how they feel as to an amendment providing for the ratification of treaties by a majority vote of their body instead of the two-thirds vote now required, and the man in the street might well make up his mind also as to where he stands. For in the long run it is the man in the street who makes the decisions for the country, and the better informed he is the more intelligently can he exert the pressure of public opinion. An enlightened citizenry makes a prudent and wise government. There cannot be too much discussion even now of specific matters which even a short while ago the cautious were maintaining should be held in abeyance until the war had reached its conclusion. If we wait till the war is over to decide how we shall make peace, we are defeated. A. L.

Impossible Rendezvous

By Harold Vinal

NOT in that baleful sphere of Dis we might
Discover her, the gentle anchorite;
In heaven, rather, where her brimming eyes
Gaze fondly on an astral paradise,
Candidly talking in the Street called Straight
About the strange nihility of fate.
If ever two were various, I swear
You, Emily, and that rebel Baudelaire,
Were so indeed, like chastity and sin,
But both the proud disciples of the pen.
How ludicrous to think of him astray
Among the gardens of an Amherst May,
Or rising from his tortured dreams at seven
To write a pithy triolet on heaven.
This is your territory, this your sphere,
And yet I wish that Baudelaire were here.
What sharp astonishment would overcome
The dozing saints in their millenium
To hear his ribald laughter through the boughs,
What wry alarm, what puckering of brows!
Yet I bewail you both since you are gone,
You, the sequestered, Baudelaire, the wan,
And by your art you two are somehow plain,
The metaphysical and the profane.
It is improbable that in a breath
I think of him, that mountebank of death,
And you, who were content to do without
The kiss, the rapture, being so devout.
You were so alien and yet, and yet . . .
Somehow I wish the two of you had met.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

On Getting Things Done

SIR: Accept my admiration and my congratulations upon at least three counts—the Shaw issue, the anniversary number, and the triumph in the case of Title V of the Soldier's Vote Act. My devotion to the *SRL,* in which I claim a veteran priority, compels my acknowledgment of the delight those two copies, in particular, brought me. As to the triumph expressed in the amendment to Title V, I feel a reassurance in this far beyond any personal approval.

We who pat ourselves on the back as liberals are acutely susceptible to a disease best described as defeatism. We cannot believe that our little voices crying in the wilderness are ever heard by Those in Authority. We grouse and we groan. Who but the elite, like ourselves, ever read the *SRL?* What effective influence do we wield who disdain the petty skulduggery of practical politics?

The *SRL* undertook to defeat a policy of misguided, possibly unintentional, censorship. It succeeded. We who labor under the popular misnomer of idealists—for we are the realists—are prone to give up without a struggle.

In my own professional field, horticulture, some four persons recently undertook to get through the legislature three bills affording protection to native flora. We had no money for lobbying and a long record of legislative apathy. All three bills passed unanimously, after a campaign of popular and legislative enlightenment.

I believe that the people, once they understand the problem, by dint of determined, clear-cut presentation on the part of even a handful of far-seeing protagonists, will support liberal and idealistic enterprises.

That the *SRL,* a periodical of comparatively limited circulation, read by a restricted group, could engineer a practical and effective campaign on behalf of a measure remote from all material concern must fortify one's belief in ideas, as the most dangerous and unconquerable forces at the disposal of the human race.

RUTH MOSHER PLACE.
Garden Editor, *The Detroit News.*
Blissfield, Mich.

Are Trees Incurable?

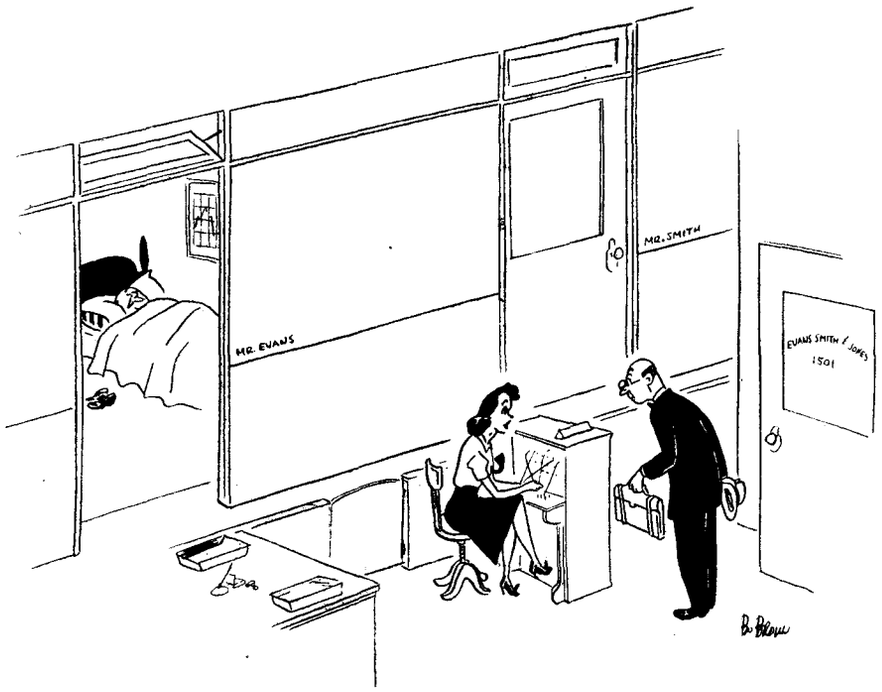
TO J. S.

SIR:

Some pomes on trees are not so bad,
There's that one in "The Shropshire Lad,"
And Andrew Marvell has some swell
Ones we would not send to hell.

Then what about the trees in prose?
You simply can't condemn all those!
No, pome and prose and trees must be
Considered as a trinity.

ANTHONY BLOUNT.
New London, Conn.



"Mr. Evans isn't an active partner anymore—he's retired!"

TO J. S.

Oh, British Jan, how could you be
So unkind to a lo-ve-ly tree
Which, though it has a bark, it's true,
Would never turn and snap at you.

ANONYMOUS.

O. H. on G. B. S.

SIR: If Oliver Herford were still on this earth, he surely would have been represented by the following verse in the splendid number of your magazine devoted to Bernard Shaw.

BERNARD SHAW

The very name of Bernard Shaw
Fills me with mingled mirth and awe.
A mixture of Mephistopheles,
Don Quixote and Diogenes,
A devil's wit, a don't romance
Joined with a cynic's arrogance.
Built on the Pythagorean plan—
A vegetable-souper man.

Oliver Herford.

(MRS.) LUCY A. NEWELL.
Napa, Calif.

"The Making of Leadership"

SIR: May I express my very deep appreciation of the article, "The Making of Leadership," by Dean Carman of Columbia?

To me it is one of the most significant pronouncements I have read in a long time. The strength and beauty of it lies in the fact that it applies not only to what is very erroneously called "secular education," but the field of religious education as well. The Dean has wisely ignored such an artificial distinction and given us the total conception in "A good life in a good society."

Especially do I like this: "The Cathedral of Chartres is not better than the Parthenon, Shakespeare is not better than Homer. The kind of each is good, and each is good in its kind"—something the Church needs to take to heart both in its teaching and preaching.

I wish very much that this article might be set up in a booklet, pocket size, and distributed in thousands as "seed to the sower and bread to the eater."

C. TELFORD ERICKSON.
New Haven 11, Conn.

"Popular Phrase"

SIR: In reply to, and comment on, Alfred Kreymborg's "Popular Phrase" in your issue of September 16, 1944.

Thank you, for saying what is most true
With a poet's vision, a scholar's view;
In a way that is poignant, mordant,—new.
If women could see, hear, recognize
Behind the bibles, beneath the lies,
Beyond the flags with their glamor-glow,
What war is: Power-Wealth's black *No*
To their best and highest, their inmost I:
Then, war would wither. Then, war might die.

FLORENS FOLSOM.
New Rochelle, N. Y.

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TRADE Winds

THE SHAPE OF THINGS to come in the post-war book world began to emerge into the open last week when the Book-of-the-Month Club, Random House, and Harper and Brothers announced the purchase of the long-established reprint house of Grosset & Dunlap. An enormous mass market for low-priced books has been opened during the war, and the fight to develop and control a fair share of that market promises to be a bitter and determined one, involving the most powerful forces that ever invaded the publishing world.

Other developments and coalitions are in the making. Mr. Marshall Field has already announced his intention of becoming a factor in the book business and Wall Street "interests" are eyeing other promising situations at this very moment. If the fight must come, the publishers of America will at least not be caught off their guard. They feel they can control their own business without the paternal guidance of huge outside interests, and they are ready to give any combine that enters the picture a good run for its money.

The original publishing of new, good books will not become involved in any of this frenzied finance. Big business and literature definitely do not mix. The relations of creative writers and their publishers are far too personal, too dependent on a close interplay of temperament and emotion, to be funnelled into any sort of assembly-line production technique.

The creation of a great reprint and chain-store market simply means that a deserving book will earn far more than it ever did before. The added bait may even dim the siren song of Hollywood in young writers' ears, and persuade them to concentrate, as they did long, long ago, on making their books represent the very best that is in them.

"THE CUSTOMERS ALWAYS WRITE"

From Lawrence Langner, of the Theatre Guild:

Bernard Shaw told me personally that he had been grossly misquoted on his talk with Helen Keller. Shaw says he never told Miss Keller "I wish all Americans were as blind as you are." What he did say was just the reverse. "I wish all Americans could see as well as you can." By that he meant that Helen Keller, despite her physical handicap, had a vision and outlook on life that was far clearer than most people. It was a compliment.

Having repeated this story in Bernard Shaw's birthday number, I do think you should correct it.

I hope that Mr. Langner's version is the accurate one, and I am happy to print his letter.

Lt. Col. John Coleman, editor of the Field Artillery Journal, *writes:*

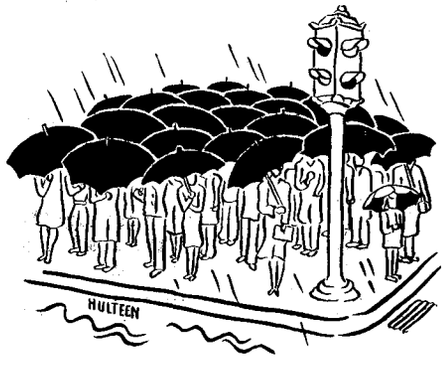
Have you run across the true story of a visit to Hollywood by a Washington feature writer and his wife?

It seems that Twentieth Century-Fox's New York representative wanted this fellow to do a big advance story on "Wilson"—but the catch was there were to be *no* prevues given. The newspaperman pointed out that it would be idiotic to try to write a feature on that basis, so the agent checked with Hollywood. Reply: if the man and his wife would come to California they could see the film.

A drawing room was duly provided, and but trotted the impressed couple. They had a delightful week—all expenses paid, beautiful hotel suite, Packard limousine and chauffeur at their disposal, much feting by the various studios. Everything was fine—BUT Darryl Zanuck absolutely refused to let them see the film! So back they came to Washington. Net result: a grand vacation at no cost—and no work to do. Can you beat it?

I checked with an official of the company. "Tell the Colonel," said that gentleman rather testily, "that they beat it a hundred times a day—in the Army!"

Incidentally, when Mr. Zanuck's production of "Wilson" was finally shown to the public, it proved to be in many respects the most important and exciting thing that has come out of Hollywood in years. The fact that it has displeased the indefatigable biographer, Emil Ludwig, will not lessen its reputation among discriminating people. Ludwig avers that the entire 1919 Paris Conference is shown in "an entirely unhistoric, even comic scene, that lasts six minutes, and would be greatly applauded in Berlin," and that "if the Treaty of Versailles had really been made against Wilson's proposals we would not have a war on today." Mr. Ludwig's rash assumption prompted the following blast from that veteran ear-pinner-backer, Herbert Bayard Swope:



Who is Emil Ludwig? He calls himself an historian but this has been denied by competent authority. He has maintained a factory output of biographies but, in truth, he is only a fairish sort of "rewrite" man—one who goes to the "morgue" for the clippings which he gathers together for his story. He never contributes original thinking—or feeling—to his subject. But that is as should be, for a good rewrite man should be sharply restricted to writing precisely what he has been told, neither adding to nor subtracting from the story as he receives it.

Ludwig seems to be in total ignorance of the fact that the League of Nations contained within its structure the answer to all the questions in the Treaty of Versailles. Within the Covenant there was a remedy to be found for any wrongs developing in the Peace Treaty; and strength to support its virtues.

America failed to enter the League. Without America, the League was burked and the world was headed for the rocks.

That was the tragedy of Wilson—the failure of America. Not leniency to the Germans. That is the central theme of the cinema.

I suggest Mr. L. consult Ray Stannard Baker's volumes on Wilson. Mr. Baker (close friend of Wilson) and Lamar Trotti (author of the screen play and devotee of the late reader) may be assumed to understand Wilson at least as well as one of a people who long preached Wilson's ineptitude and Ludwig follows the line by calling him weak and bamboozled.

I'll take my Wilson straight and not through the hollow straw of a Germanic mind.

From David Randall, head of the rare book department at Scribner's:

The forthcoming sale, scheduled for October 17-18, at the Parke-Bernet Galleries in New York City, of the literary manuscript treasures owned by the Drexel Institute of Technology of Philadelphia, is of the utmost interest to collectors and librarians. Behind the decision to dispose of this property—the crown jewels of which are the original manuscripts of Poe's "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" and Dickens's "Our Mutual Friend," the last complete Dickens novel in manuscript not in a private collection—is a first-class controversy and public fuss.

An instance of an American Institution selling at auction a national treasure of the status of the Poe Manuscript does not come to mind. And this, and most of the other literary manuscripts, were not purchased in the past by some foresighted Drexel librarian. On the contrary they were collected by the late George W. Childs, a partner with Drexel on the old *Philadelphia Public Ledger,* who bequeathed them to the Institute in hope, doubtless, that they would be kept in Philadelphia and be among the Institute's and the city's chief possessions.

In the past American libraries have benefited tremendously by the gener-

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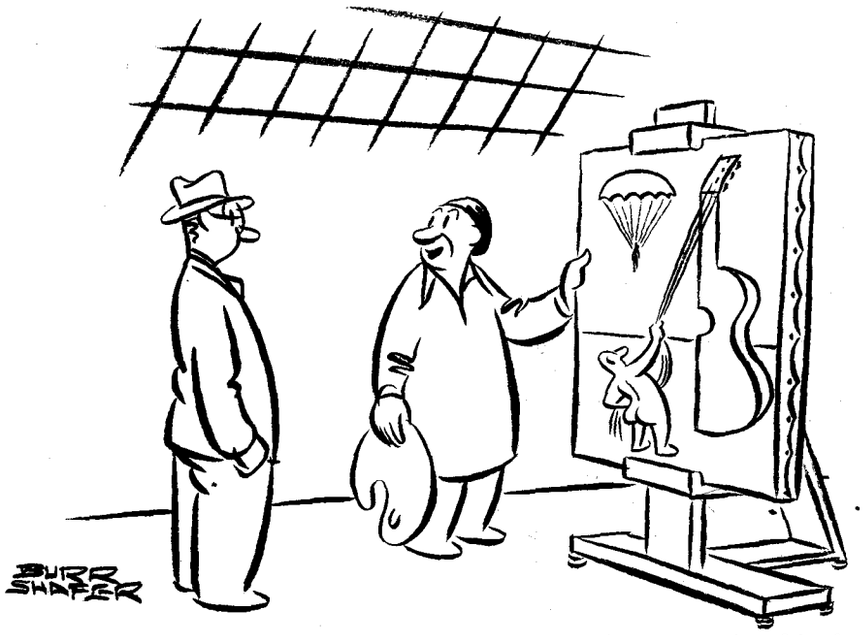


"This is an illustration of a musical impression that a musician friend of mine wrote of an expressionist painting that an artist friend of mine did."

osity of those who cared enough for our literary heritage to preserve its monuments—Huntington, Morgan, Lenox (among those of the past), and Berg, Young, Parrish, and Houghton (of the present). But naturally future donors of such material are going to be wary if their gifts are going to end, in a few decades' time at some director's whim, under the hammer.

Sale by public auction exposes "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" to the risk, indeed the probability (unless one of Philadelphia's many book collectors rises to the bait), of that city losing what it, of all cities, should possess: though Poe himself, one imagines, would not worry too greatly about that. Public auctions are run according to very definite rules, one of which being that the highest bidder becomes the owner of the item offered for sale. It is not generally realized how much of the rise in price of *objets d'art,* paintings, antiques, certain classes of books, manuscripts, etc., has been due in the past few years to the purchases of foreign collectors and dealers now temporarily residing here. It is possible, indeed, that one of these numerous and uncanny purchasers may seize the opportunity Drexel has offered and acquire Poe's irreplaceable manuscript for eventual transportation abroad.

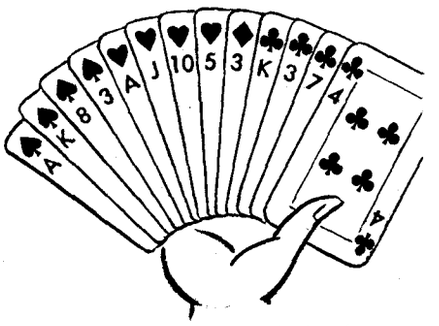
There is no particular reason why the Drexel sale will not go very well; it certainly should from the quality of the material offered. It is the opening gun of what promises to be one of the most active auction seasons, certainly in literary property, since 1929. But successful as it may be one hopes that other institutions, with similar material, will not follow the Drexel method of dispersion.

At the approximate moment that Mr. Randall was worrying about the Drexel sale, I was worrying about getting home in the midst of New York's nearest approach to a hurricane. I had been sitting through a prevue of "Frenchman's Creek," a dreary picture in technicolor about a ferocious and bloodthirsty crew of pirates who acted as though they would all die of fright if a freshman from Miss Walker's School for Girls threw a creampuff at them. When it was over, the baffled audience found a howling wind, rain, hats, and inverted umbrellas whirling through Times Square. I sought refuge in the Concord Bookshop, that fascinating emporium next door to the Paramount Theater. Once it was open all night, but during the war the hours have been cut to a scant sixteen. With Louis Klepper and his staff, and my secretary Jezebel, I watched the theater hour traffic incredibly maintained through the peak of the storm. A delighted soldier, soaked to the skin, staggered by with a dozen skeletons of umbrellas stacked in his arms, shouting, "Typical G.I. weather, chums!" A plate-glass window crashed nearby, and a hardy gentleman who barely escaped the debris decided it was time to seek shelter. He was entranced to find himself in a bookstore. "Last time I got stranded in a storm," he informed us, "I was in an undertaking parlor. Eight hours and not a drop of beer in the joint." A remainder copy of a book called "Famous Hussies of History" engaged his attention momentarily, but then he spotted a photographer, buffeted by the gale, trying to snap pictures in the middle of the Square. "That guy is crazy enough," hazarded our friend, "to come from *PM.*"

When the storm died down everybody made a break—we for our homes, the hardy gentleman to get tattooed in Norfolk, Virginia.

BENNETT CERF.

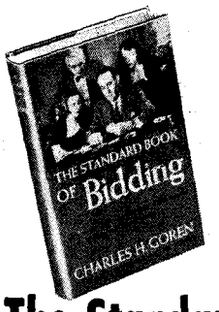
If you held this bridge hand



what would be your opening bid?

For correct bid and reasons behind it see page 15 in Standard Book of Bidding

CHARLES H. GOREN has written the essential companion book to his *Better Bridge for Better Players.* It is the first complete book dealing with *all* the generally used systems and principles of bidding in contract bridge. The author holds the largest number of championships of any single player. He emphasizes the principles employed by *all the best players, irrespective of system.* As in his previous book, called "the most complete analysis of bridge playing of all time" *(Cleveland Plain Dealer),* Mr. Goren includes a quiz in each chapter, enabling you to check the accuracy of all your conclusions. No bridge player should miss this book—it answers every problem which comes up in bidding at contract bridge.



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Introduction by W. Somerset Maugham

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Fairy Tale with Social Implications

THE BACHELOR. By Stella Gibbons. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1944. 319 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

THE zest, the gaiety, and the sharp wit of this new novel by the author of "Cold Comfort Farm" make the reader feel that Miss Gibbons must have thoroughly enjoyed writing it. It is unhappily true, of course, that what may appear an effortless and smoothly flowing style is often the product of much plodding toil, and "flogging the brains and cursing one's self for spite." I should like to think, however, that Miss Gibbons got as much pleasure out of writing her book, even before she looked it over and found that it was good, as I did in reading it. "The Bachelor" is the kind of book which you cannot put down but which you are increasingly sorry to finish.

Miss Constance Fielding, of Sunglades, Treme, near St. Alberic, Hartfordshire, was large, handsome, humorless, and without imagination. She knew her own mind and was always a little out of patience with any one else's. She was what those who dabble in occult matters are pleased to call "an Old Soul" (as opposed to young flibbertygibbets of souls who have had only one or two reincarnations), she was a pacifist and she believed in the Brotherhood of Man even when it meant closing one's eyes to the exceptionally unbrotherly behavior of the Germans and the Japanese. Miss Fielding completely dominated the lives of the two other occupants of Sunglades, her cousin, Miss Frances Burton, a mousy lady who had once "Been Jilted" and who moved in an aura of Victorian sentimentality, and her brother Kenneth whom, until the eventful year described in this story, she has successfully kept from the toils of matrimony. Because he found his life very comfortable, because he was extraordinarily docile, rather unambitious (due partly to having inherited quite a lot of money), and chiefly because his masculine ego had suffered a severe blow in having been turned down by his first and only love, who married someone else, his sister had found it not too difficult to keep him under her thumb.

Stella Gibbons

This chaste household, however, to Constance's horror, became a very hot-bed of romance. First there was Betty Martens, Ken's old love, who had remained a friend of the family and who now came to live at Sunglades as a paying guest while she did war work in a nearby office. Then there was Alicia Arkwright, a charming and sophisticated neighbor, and last, but by no means least, Vartouhi Annamatta, a little Balkan refugee whom Miss Fielding had taken in for the duration, believing that charity, though it begins at home, is much more interesting when practised on foreigners. Twenty-year-old Vartouhi, with her blonde hair and her long eyes and her devastating candor, was more than Miss Fielding had bargained for. She was Eve, Deirdre, and Lilith rolled into one; she was a child and she was, as certain purple fiction describes it, "terribly a woman." Vartouhi was from Bairamia and a Mohammedan, and she was supposed to work for her keep. She also worked for a husband, but Miss Fielding did not discover that until too late. This unspoiled child of nature ensnared first Betty's son, Richard, and then good old Ken, and though the conclusion of the book is somewhat improbable and fairytaleish, it is all so gay and delightful that the reader doesn't want to quibble about whether they could really have lived happily ever after. The story is, in fact, a variation on the old beloved Grimm Brothers theme, with the Wicked Elder Sister, the Prince who is under a spell, and the little scullery maid who finally triumphs. But Miss Gibbons has invested her fairy tale with overtones of social implication and human relationships; she has neatly impaled on her pen a certain type of hypocrisy and self-righteousness, and there is a great deal of deft characterization and gentle satire. "The Bachelor" is thoroughly charming, and the many admirers of the author will find it up to expectations.

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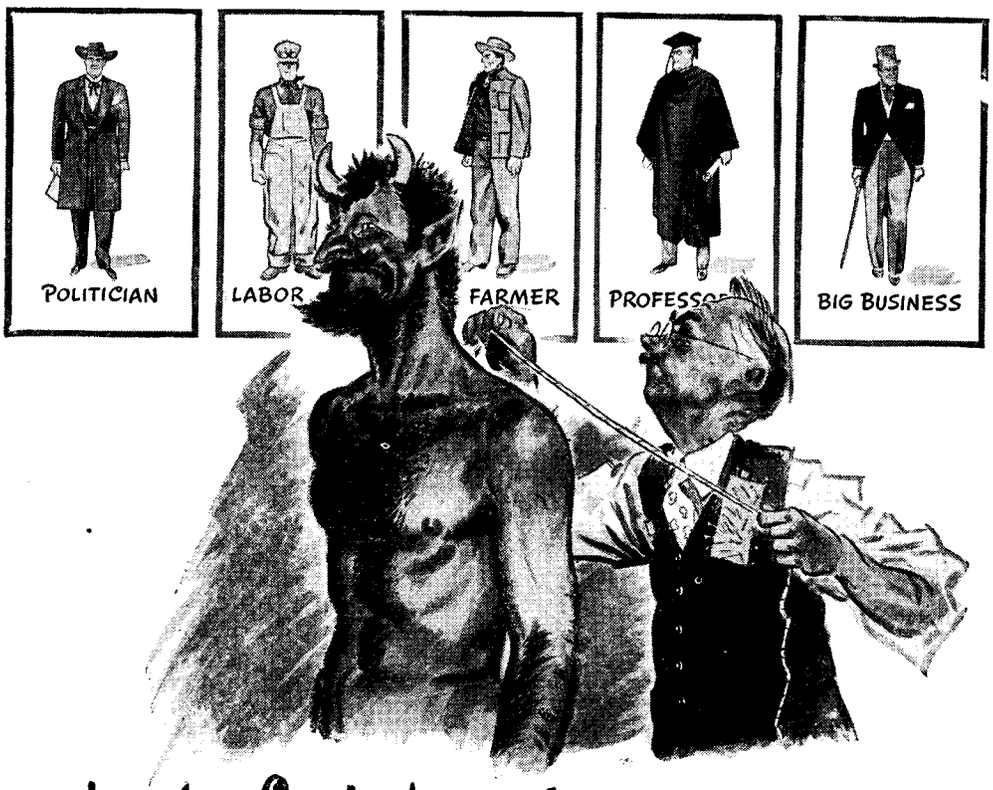


What kind of clothes does the devil wear?

Listen for five minutes in almost any train, bar, living room, or barbershop, when there's a political discussion going on.

You'll hear somebody doing a job on business or labor, on politicians or professors . . . painting them blacker than Beelzebub himself. You can fairly smell the brimstone

And maybe you'll notice this odd fact, too: *the less the speaker knows about the people he or she is criticizing, the more furious and blistering the comment is apt to be.*

Nobody hates business as much as people who have never worked in business.

Folks who don't bother to vote are the most contemptuous of politicians.

Businessmen who have never read what the professors are really saying are surest that nothing they say makes sense.

And it's usually ladies and gents who never had a labor problem bigger than a cook who see hooves and forked tails sticking out of factory workers' overalls.

If you know a lot of people of all kinds, you aren't likely to hand down these easy black-and-white judgments.

You see (as all of us do when we think about it) that most Americans—businessmen, politicians, farmers, factory workers, professors—are decent, honest citizens, that they have their share of self-interest, but all of them have contributed mightily to the growth and strength and prosperity of America.

In short, no *group* wears the devil's clothes.

But the danger is we may *think* some particular group does—*and insulate ourselves* from all the writings, pronouncements, opinions of any individual in that group.

And thus Americans may deny themselves the help of many intelligent, experienced people at a time when our country needs all the mindpower it can muster.

Problems like today's don't need heat—they need light.

They need light from more than one source . . . more than one newspaper, magazine, or book. They need the pleasant mellow lamp-light of the fellow who agrees with you . . . and the disagreeable blue search-light of the fellow who doesn't.

Most of all, they need the daylight that shines through the clear windows of fact. Facts about our present economic situation in the light of our own past experiences and that of other nations. Facts about the great experiments that have worked and the ones that have failed. Facts about labor and business—about political theory and practice.

Are you getting these facts? Are you being stimulated by the sparks that jump from opposite poles of thinking?

Is your mind a source of light to your friends and your country . . . or of heat?

For instance:

Have you read Eric Johnston's **"Warning to Labor and Management"?** You can get it in bulletin form from the U.S. Chamber of Commerce.

Is Frederick Hayek's **"Road to Serfdom,"** (Chicago University Press, 1944), a part of your information on economics?

Have you looked into Teller and Waring's **"The Small Farmer Looks Ahead,"** published by Harpers?

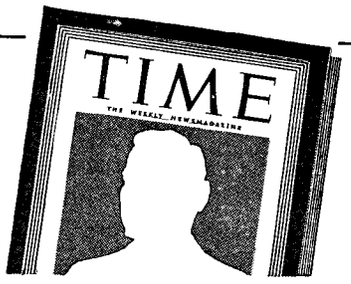
Or that comprehensive book on labor and its problems, **"The Dynamics of Industrial Democracy"** by Clinton S. Golden and Harold J. Ruttenberg (Harpers, 1942)?

TIME believes America's greatest need, now and in the coming years, is for the sovereign people to make up their minds and speak them out.

To do so, citizens must keep themselves *informed.* So, in advertisements like this, TIME is seeking to encourage wide thinking and reading not only of the newspapers and TIME, but also of books and periodicals that argue the cases and advance the causes that are in the news.

For TIME's own future is unalterably linked to a U.S. citizenry deeply concerned about public affairs—to a nation insistent upon seeking the truth and learning from recorded experience.

This is the seventh advertisement of a series appearing in 40 newspapers from coast to coast. Its purpose is to get more Americans thinking. For 22 years that has been the job the editors of TIME have been trying to do in their editorial space. Now TIME harnesses the force of advertising to the same objective—to prepare the home front for the greatest mental battle Americans have ever had to fight.



The weekly NEWSMAGAZINE

9 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK 20

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MIDWEST BOOK NEWS

YOUNG MOTHERS' Book Mart

by Rose Oller Harbaugh

Manager Book Section
Marshall Field & Company

Guest Columnist

One of our most successful new projects is our *Young Mothers' Book Mart.* It has been interesting to see it develop from a few shelves into a very active room of books.

And what active interest there is in Baby Record books, with all the young babies there are!

* * *

Classics for Kids. More and more publishers are helping stimulate interest in the children's classics by giving us new editions illustrated by famous artists—(as well as new, modern stories). Among them are: Gustav Tenggren, Arthur Rackham, Robert Lawson, Elizabeth Orton Jones, and more.

* * *

Six or seven years ago we decided not to sell comic books because we believe they spoil children's normal taste for worth-while books. So we were delighted when publishers gave us books that we could safely recommend. It is reassuring to hear comments of parents who were helpless to cope with the problem.

* * *

For the younger children the Animateds are sheer delight—the characters move on the pages, the trains' wheels go back and forth, Santa really comes down the chimney!

* * *

Never in our experience have we sold so many humorous books, things about every division of the Armed Forces and about our life here at home. Nonfiction, travel, technical books and biographies are selling as never before. The renewed interest in home decoration, the care and decoration quality of plants is noticeable.

* * *

It is my belief that the American bookseller has just begun to scratch the surface of selling books. With adequate display, and books priced to suit everyone's pocketbook, booksellers should go on to greater accomplishments.

BOOK WEEK

The Tabloid Literary Supplement of The

CHICAGO SUNDAY SUN

and the Midwest

400 W. Madison St., Chicago
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A Boy Grows in Brooklyn

OUT OF THESE ROOTS. By Boris Todrin. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers, Lt. 1944. 373 *p.* $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

SELDOM, if ever, have I read a novel which caught so vividly the pattern of life in an intellectual Jewish family transplanted from Southern Russia to New York. Nicky Gordon, unlike his father and mother, was born in East New York, that strange, amorphous, jungle-tongued suburb of Brooklyn, which has grown up since the turn of the century on what used to be Dutch farm lands. Nicky had an unusual background. It was not so much that his forebears had been revolutionists politically and economically. What was more individualistic about them was that they were revolutionists religiously. His grandmother, Sophia, "was a daughter of the Enlightenment." Her father, Moses Isaacson, had turned from the Las; he sensed that "the only escape for his race was to sweep its life free of the webs of exposition, to lead it back to the original source and to open the lives of his people to the Western sun." Sophia went beyond him. She and her husband, Zachery Beringson, accepted Christ, and joined the Tolstovtsi, disciples of Tolstoy's creed of human brotherhood. Their daughter, Tamara, who emigrated to America with them after the dark days of 1905, was still more radical. She is a tragic character. Touched by genius, fearlessly honest in her philosophy of human relations, staunchly idealistic, she was denied by economic circumstances the opportunity to bring to full fruition her talents as a great actress and singer.

Boris Todrin

With such a background, it was inevitable that her son, Nicky, should realize at least some of her ambitions. He was a poet from his high school days. Mr. Todrin leaves him in his early twenties, apparently destined for the distinction his patron, the great New England poet, Christopher Coventry, had foreseen for him. Incidentally, Coventry, as well as the several other Gentile characters in this novel, is realized with a completeness as striking as that which the author has brought to his gallery of Jewish men and women. There are few sketches of the poet in contemporary fiction as authentic as Mr. Todrin's delineation of Coventry. And he does just as good a job in making me understand how Nicky grew naturally out of his heritage and environment to acquire a precocious feeling for rhythm and the color of words. But to acquire this feeling it was necessary for Nicky to experience the sufferings life has in store for any unusually sensitive person. His love for Jerry Rubin, whose family were so different from his, was the source of the fire which tempered his young soul. Jerry, in her way, is as sad a figure as his mother. She felt that he was doomed to grow away from her, and she shrank from the prospect of such a future. She wasn't big enough to break free of the shackles of economic fear which had bound her family to DeKalb Avenue.

This story throbs with life. Few stories of the polyglot world of Brooklyn have had anything like as much success in recreating a neighborhood as Mr. Todrin has achieved in making East New York, and its contiguous areas, come true in the mind's eye. It has body and zest and humor and more than a little wisdom. Himself a poet, with five books of verse to his credit, he has brought to his work a sense of form I should call unusual in a man of his craft. It has faults, of course, but they can be overlooked in the sum of its merits.

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Against the Background of Today

THE HOLLOW MEN. By Bruce Hutchison. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1944. 280 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

We are the hollow men
We are the stuffed men
Leaning together
Headpiece filled with straw. . . .

T. S. ELIOT supplies Mr. Hutchison's title and, as a matter of fact, seems to be spiritually responsible for this novel's sustained mood of groping symbolism. Its protagonist for innumerable discussions and analyses of what's wrong with the modern world—he scarcely rates being called a hero—is Leslie Duncan, a Canadian newspaper correspondent of international reputation, who commutes back and forth between Ottawa and Washington and, despite his influence with millions of readers, his entrée to the seats of the mighty, considers himself an uneducated man. This is rather baffling, not to say disturbing, to the reader. If anyone has an opportunity to gauge the political, social, and economic trends of the times it should be men like Leslie Duncan. I don't mean that he can be expected to have a complete picture of what is happening any more than President Roosevelt or Mackenzie King; but he surely ought to have at least a glimmer of understanding.

On the contrary. The conclusion of the story finds him, in the words of Hutchison's compact, hard-driving novel. She is entirely real, even if it seems incredible that she could have reacted so broadmindedly to Leslie's half-hearted affair with the redheaded economist, Lucy Rand, in Ottawa. Lucy is just as impatient with Leslie as Nancy, but for different reasons. She is a toughminded wench, who thinks as much of statistics as she does of good-looking, brainy men.

"The Hollow Men," on the whole, is a sound novel, acidly sincere, despite the fact that its plot poses, not so much problems in individual human relations as the problems of the mass of mankind. It is the best Canadian novel I have read. You get an honest interpretation of the yeasty forces which are boiling beneath the surface of our neighbor Dominion just as violently as they are, and have been, in the United States. This contention of opposing social-economic philosophies is dramatized around the struggle between Leslie's friend, Sloan, honest, kindly, and devoted to old-fashioned liberalism, and the Minister he serves, Trair, a smooth, time-serving politician, who could fit into an office in Washington as easily as in Ottawa. And when Mr. Hutchison translates Leslie across the border he handles our political personalities and mass psychology with the same brusque intelligence. He knows the United States. What better characterization of the President have you seen than this description of Mr. Roosevelt at a press conference in the White House:

> And what a fantastic creature sat behind the desk! What a wonderful, battered actor's face, all written over and, as it were, plastered with old billboard notices of his countless past successes on the stage! How perfectly he had learned to manage every motion and expression of this magnificent face—the flashing smile, the proud out-thrust of the chin, the gay toss and jerk of the head, the sudden frown, until it all appeared entirely unconscious. Perhaps it was. Anyway, it had become . . . the supreme theatrical spectacle of the world.

Whether it vexes you or not by its attempt to simplify the unsimplifiable, this is a novel very much worth reading.

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MR. SIMPLE ON RACIAL EQUALITY

(*Continued from page* 8)

visiting an isolated settlement in the innermost wilds of the Central American jungles and seeing a single Negro family there living cheek-by-jowl with the Indian families, eating the same food, and responding to the same immediate conditions. Anyone would have been impressed, as I was, by the contrast between the lethargy of the Indians, on the one hand, and the boisterous exuberance and vitality of the Negroes on the other. If this did not represent a basic racial difference—and I have seen the same thing elsewhere—then I say the burden of the proof is on those who deny it."

There was a pause after Harry stopped speaking. "Your argument," I said at last, "strikes me as irresponsible and extremely dangerous. I am glad there is no one else in this room to hear you."

"On the contrary," he replied, "it strikes me as extremely dangerous to rest the doctrine of human equality on the physical, mental, and cultural attributes of men, for by doing so you provide the enemy with a weapon he can use better than you."

"On what do *you* rest it?" I asked.

"All men are equal before their Maker," he said slowly. "All men are equal under the moral law. That is what Jefferson meant. That is what Lincoln meant, for Lincoln actually did not believe in the physical equality of races and said so. The only sound basis on which one can ultimately rest the doctrine of equality is in the assumption that men are distinguished from the rest of the animal kingdom by the possession of souls, that their souls partake of the divine nature of their Maker, and that by virtue of their souls they stand outside the final judgment of their fellow men. This is true whether they are black or white, strong or weak, tall or short, rich or poor. If I deny your right to murder or enslave me, it is not because I am as strong and as intelligent as you, which perhaps I am not, and if I deny the right of the Eskimos to exterminate or enslave the Onas it is not because I think the Onas as strong and intelligent as the Eskimos. If only strength and intelligence were the test, then they would have to be proved in conflict. The English settlers who deliberately exterminated the savages on the island of Tasmania committed a crime, not because the Tasmanians were equal to them in cranial capacity, which they were not, but because they were presumably equal in the sight of God—or, if you will, before the moral law. Deny this moral basis for human equality, substitute cranial capacity or some other physical attribute, and you have not only committed an absurdity, you have cut away the only solid ground from under the doctrine of freedom and democracy. Reason no longer forbids us to devour one another. This pamphlet, though Dr. Etalii did not intend it so, is a blow struck on behalf of the enemy against our democratic way of life."

We were both silent. "Simple," I said at last, "the trouble with you is you're an intellectual purist. The pamphlet may be propaganda, but we can't all be philosophers and perhaps propaganda is what our poor minds need."

"You have less respect for humanity than I have," he replied, "and what you say has been better said by the Nazi apologists."

Harry Simple has an excellent brain, in my opinion, but he is not of this world. He is not well adjusted to his times.

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American Diplomacy in the Far East

TREATY PORTS. By Hallett Abend. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1944. *viii plus* 271 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by T. A. Bisson

TURNING historian and *raconteur,* Hallett Abend has linked together a colorful re-creation of old treaty port days with a shrewd summary and appraisal of twentieth century American diplomacy in the Far East. In tone and emphasis, there is a noticeable difference between the two aspects of his story. For those who enjoy the exotic flavor of "old China" and "old Japan," mainly as it existed for foreigners in the treaty ports of the last century, the greater part of the book will offer good entertainment. The concluding chapters, on the other hand, are essentially a study in diplomatic history conceived largely in terms of the Japanese-American duel across the Pacific since 1899. By courtesy the "treaty port system" continues to be mentioned, but in fact the diplomatic struggle was increasingly fought over broader and more significant issues, as the author partially, but not too clearly, indicates.

The treaty port system lasted for exactly a century, spanning the period from 1842 to 1942. Actually, the British and American treaties relinquishing extraterritorial rights in China were not concluded on October 10, 1942, as stated, but on January 11, 1943. Treaty port origins go much farther back. Behind 1842 lay roughly a century of the Canton "factory" and "cohong" days. Abend's early pages, beginning with arrival of the first American vessel at Canton in 1784, picture this dawn of the modern trade era when stringent Chinese restrictions prevailed, profits were fabulous, and the British East India Company ruled almost unchallenged. One chapter also attempts to recapture the Chinese life that went on within Canton's walls, the life that few of the early traders in the factories outside ever saw or appreciated.

Less familiar material, and by far the most original and valuable, is presented for that "forgotten period" which lies between the forties and the nineties of the last century. For the Europeans and Americans it was a life of exiles, but not of pioneers. The traders and diplomats (especially the British diplomats) were affluent, spent freely, entertained lavishly. British form dominated the treaty port society. For the young bachelors there was plenty of license, especially when on furlough in the ports from the long months of exile "up-country." Heavy drinking and loose living were the rule, and the "China Coasters" formed a superior class of courtesans. The missionaries were sharply divorced from this "society" life and bitterly inveighed against it, but evangelism as well as trade depended on maintenance and extension of treaty privileges and missionary interpreters were not lacking to help the diplomats negotiate the treaties. Along with the racy and anecdotal account of treaty port life, the author supplies much sound and pointed

Fraser Young's Literary Crypt: No. 68

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 68 *will be found in the next issue.*

BDG AGKFWHRG CML WKL RJR,
BDG PDKLHRG HWMB M HDD-
TDBF DVRBRX DJLHRG.

—GDARGH AGDCBKBF.

—VKRX VKRG.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 67

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analysis of politics and trade. The opium traffic flourished as never before in the decades after 1842, and enormous profits were derived from the "coolie" slave trade. American consuls, neglected by Congress, received niggardly salaries and sometimes none at all, and the posts were held, more often than not, by wealthy traders. The war of 1856-60 followed that of 1839-42; new ports were continually opened; the right to penetrate the interior, for church and business, was won. Foreigners in the treaty ports steadily multiplied, and as steadily transformed their centers of occupation into great modern cities. After 1858 the treaty port system was transplanted to Japan, but it never experienced quite the same lush growth in this less congenial environment and the days of special privilege had largely ended by the close of the century, when extraterritorial rights were abolished.

In China the First World War sounded the death knell of the old privileged era, although it persisted with less and less strength for two more decades. The number of concessions steadily dwindled, the old tariff system crumbled, and finally (in 1930-31) it seemed likely that foreign-dominated Shanghai, and with it the whole treaty system, would pass into the historical discard. At this point Japan struck in Manchuria, and the succeeding extensions of that cheaply won stroke of aggression transformed the situation. China's integrity was no longer a mere adjunct of American trading rights. Overnight it became a vital requirement of America's national security. The author's criticism of American diplomatic handling of this crisis is not consistently related to the basic transformation that had taken place. Repeatedly he argues that American "national policies toward China and Chinese affairs . . . precipitated the Japanese attack upon Pearl Harbor and dragged the United States reluctantly into the Second World War." Rather, it was Japan's determination to conquer East Asia (and Germany's to conquer the world) which took us into the war. In these circumstances, the defense of China's integrity was directly linked to the safety of the United States. He is on safer ground when he maintains that non-recognition of aggression, unaccompanied by practical and forceful steps to restrain it and contradicted by sale of war materials in large quantities to Japan, was a policy of drift, as pusillanimous as it was subtly provocative and encouraging. This, however, was the general failure of prewar diplomacy, repetition of which the American people are now determined to prevent by full United States participation in an international security organization. Also, as the author notes in conclusion, "the grandsons of the generation" which formulated America's historic policy toward China are now "fighting on the long road back to the ports of the China coast, and one of the few specific war aims announced by the American Government is that at the close of this struggle China shall be entirely free again, which she had not been for the last hundred years, and entirely whole again, as she has not been for the last half-century."

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE MURDER OF A QUACK *George Bellairs* (Macmillan: $2.)	Unorthodox English medico slugged and strung up. Another corpse found in well. P.C. Mellilieu and Insp. Littlejohn get busy.	Typical quiet-English-village type of yarn. Plenitude of atmospheric characters, likable sleuths, and confession-conclusion with neat, but not new, twist.	Pleasant
ALL FALL DOWN *L. A. G. Strong* (Crime Club: $2.)	Avalanche of books extinguished curmudgeonly English bibliophile—but not by accident. Scotland Yarder on vacation investigates strange slaying.	Numerous interesting suspects—including completely phoney American—a second murder, two suicides, pathological overtones, apt sleuthing, and sound bookish background.	Above average

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MacArthur's Record in the War

MacARTHUR AND THE WAR AGAINST JAPAN. By Frazier Hunt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1944. 182 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM H. CHICKERING

THIS book is the first in which an attempt is made to evaluate MacArthur's part in the Pacific war—from the time he was attacked in the Philippines to the time when he stood on the threshold of return. His New Guinea campaign is only now beginning to draw the attention due to it. That campaign was one of the least publicized but one of the most important of the war. If Americans did not fully realize its importance, the Japanese did, for until early this year the Jap militarists regarded the thrust upward from the Southwest Pacific as the most serious threat to their ill-gotten empire.

Most of the books about the Pacific have dealt with the Navy's war and the Marines' war. When reference has been made to MacArthur it has all too often been damning with faint praise or downright scornful. MacArthur's part in the war has never been clearly understood.

Frazier Hunt, a seasoned reporter who was a war correspondent in the First World War, is the first to rush to the rescue of MacArthur's reputation. In so doing he has enveloped the general in such a "bear hug" (to use a Huntian phrase) that he has succeeded in squeezing almost every semblance of life out of him. People to whom the handsome and austere general is anathema—and there are unreasonably far too many—will not like this book where all the main actors are "immortal," "fabulous," and "magnificent." Mr. Hunt's all-out style is unfortunate.

On the other hand, if you will overlook the slavering and tail wagging in the presence of the Great Hunter, the military commentating is competent, and the brief, well-mapped study of each strategic step is fascinating. The New Guinea campaign will undoubtedly become a military classic, and MacArthur deserves great praise indeed for its conception and planning.

Mr. Hunt has also courageously tackled the awkward question: why were MacArthur's bombers neatly lined up on the Philippine airfields when the Japs arrived? Unlike previous writers on the subject, Mr. Hunt does not skirt the problem but plunges into it headlong and in italics. The result is probably as much as the public will ever know about that curiously tragic event.

Says Mr. Hunt:

> It was deadly clear in MacArthur's mind that these ships (the bombers) would be in constant danger while on the ground at Clark Field. Normal dispersal formation gave normal protection against high, horizontal bombing, but as long as the big planes were on the ground they could be knocked off by dive-bombers as easy as you should shoot fish in a barrel [*sic*]. The only safe course was to base the Fortresses far south at Mindanao, out of range of any possible land-based planes.

Twice MacArthur ordered the planes south.

> A third time—and only a day or two before the tragedy came—MacArthur . . . again ordered the Fortresses to be sent south to safety. This time the order was peremptory and final. Eighteen of the thirty-five were moved. For some unannounced and still unknown reason the remaining seventeen delayed at Clark Field . . . his orders were not carried out.

Is that an answer? Mr. Hunt then goes on to point out, as did MacArthur in a formal announcement one year later, that General Brereton wasn't to blame. Who said anything about Brereton? The question of those planes is an albatross which MacArthur must carry around his neck until he or other officials are willing to bring the whole matter out into the open.

Mr. Hunt has written his book from a two, three, and four-star level. Down at the soldier's level things were not always working as neatly as the writer's prose. Mr. Hunt was present at very little of the action he describes; he has taken his information almost entirely from blackboard and map.

Both MacArthur and his campaigns deserve much better from writers than they have been receiving, but I am afraid this type of uncontrolled adulation will do them more harm than good.

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The Phoenix Nest

ARTHUR KROCK writes that he has "just caught up with the Benét-Sulzberger poetical correspondence." He contributes:

When I saw that you used my name
in your rhymes
About the dear, dignified *New York Times,*
Singling me for the spotlight pure
Of the *Sat. Review of Literature,*
Mentioning me instead of my betters
In your topless tower of belles-lettres,
I assumed your attention (a pleasant
shock)
Was merely because I rhyme with
"mock."

But, alas, when the subsequent verse
you penned
And listed my name three times on end
This dear delusion was swept away:
You disapprove of me, Mr. Benét.
For that I mourn in hodden gown
(Since you are the brother of "John
Brown").
For that I feel a worthless clod,
Alien to "The Dust Which is God."

I wrote a piece where I used hyper-
bole—
No moral sin in excursions verbally—
Explaining the Murray-Kilgore bill,
But it wrought in you a will that is ill.
I'm glad that of Strunsky you ap-
prove,
Sorry that me you do not love,
But I shall think your head a dornick
If you fail to appreciate Anne Mc-
Cormick.

I like that better than certain columns I have read of Mr. Krock's, and I appreciate his references to certain books by Benéts. I don't even mind the rhyme "dornick" and "McCormick"—in fact, it is rather an inspiration! As for Anne McCormick herself, she is one of the best newspaper women we have. As for Mr. Krock, I shall go on taking his probity for granted but often disagreeing with his point of view. Isn't it the Catholic Church that says you may love the sinner but hate the sin?

Louis Villano of Framingham, Mass., writes me as follows:

> I don't quite know whether Katherine V. Strong in her August 26 letter was joshing or actually serious. If the poll tax is not an obstacle to full voting rights for millions of Southerners, then how does it happen that there are many Congressmen today in the House elected by five, ten, or fifteen thousand votes out of two or three hundred thousand who could vote? Why is it that these same Congressmen fulminate against repeated attempts to abolish the poll tax and to permit all Southerners, both Negro and white, to vote? Can they be tilting at windmills?
>
> It is true that several Northern states have some form of tax which is payable before you exercise your right to vote—but this has never acted as a deterrent. The individual income level in the North is far above that of the South and payment of such taxes invokes no hardships, but in the South it is a historic fact that the poll tax was deliberately instituted as a measure for barring poor whites and Negroes from any voice in government, and it has operated so through today. This is not an exclusively Southern problem. The Congressmen elected from the South by default of millions who aren't allowed to vote, are usually the same who continue to parade their medieval thinking and attitudes to the obstruction of national progress.
>
> Miss Strong repeats an unbelievably vile canard: "the carpetbaggers bought up that land and exploited the ignorant Negroes, who, occupying seats in the legislature, looted the state treasuries." This is falsification of history. After the Civil War, there was a flood of democracy through the South. Poor whites and Negroes were elected to political office everywhere and they began to institute a series of reforms in the economic and social structure which were helping to bring the South up to the level of the North. Unfortunately, for the nation as a whole, this democratization of the South was abruptly halted. The plantation owners joined with some selfish Northern financial interests to turn the clock back. One of the devices they used was the poll tax.
>
> The problems of the South cannot be solved by hanging on to old prejudices and untruths.

Mrs. Payne Whitney (Helen Hay Whitney), long loved as our best-known woman in horse-racing and mistress of the Greentree Stables, to say nothing of being the owner of the famous "Twenty Grand," was a woman enviable in her devotion to the Sport of Kings and for the universal liking she inspired. I met her only once. It was in connection with her poetry. For like Alice Duer, later Alice Duer Miller, also a social light (I deplore the *Time* coinage of *socialite*) Mrs. Whitney wrote poetry from a comparatively early age. After all, she was the daughter of John Hay, whose "Pike County Ballads" are still good reading! The nation's leading turfwoman was a shy and honest practitioner of the art of verse. I think you will find her represented in Stedman's "American Anthology."

Theodore Spencer of Harvard sends me the following verse by one of his acquaintances:

ON A CERTAIN SCHOLAR

He never completed his history of
Ephesus;
But his name got mentioned in numerous prefaces.

W. CRADDLE.

The death of Eunice Tietjens (Mrs. Cloyd Head), on September 6, 1944,

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in Wesley Memorial Hospital in Chicago, after a long illness, removed an American poet of my generation who was long on the editorial staff of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse,* with the late Harriet Monroe, lectured in the thirties on poetry at the University of Miami, and wrote plays, novels, and juveniles, besides about half a dozen books of verse. Her brother, Laurens Hammond, was an American manufacturer who invented the Hammond electronic organ and the Hammond Novachord. In her "Profiles from China" (1917) at the end of a poem called "The Most-Sacred Mountain," Eunice Tietjens wrote:

I shall go down from this airy space,
this swift white peace, this stinging exultation;
And time will close about me, and
my soul stir to the rhythm of the
daily round.
Yet, having known, life will not press
so close,
And always I shall feel time ravel
thin about me.
For once I stood
In the white windy presence of eternity.

I think she stands bravely in that presence again.

Alfred Holman of Cincinnati analyzes "autocracy" thus to me: "Merely the singular grammatical form for democracy; and exactly what the inspired Lincoln meant when he said 'government by, for, and of the people.' Briefly, autos kratere is 'self government'; inevitably, therefore, demos kratere is 'selves government.' You yourself said that very thing by necessary implication in your Sept. 9, 1944 *Phoenix Nest.* That is, democracy cannot be achieved unless and until at least a majority of us becomes autocratic." Etymologically speaking Mr. Holman is correct, but what we mean today by "autocracy" is something like what we mean by "dictatorship," which is the opposite of democracy.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "Peter Rabbit," by Beatrix Potter.
2. "Beautiful Joe," by Marshall Saunders.
3. Ruksh, in "Sohrab and Rustum," by Matthew Arnold.
4. Nana, in "Peter Pan," by James M. Barrie.
5. "Bambi," by Felix Salten.
6. Djali, in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," by Victor Hugo.
7. Bull's-eye, in "Oliver Twist," by Charles Dickens.
8. Mignonette, in "A Passion in the Desert," by Balzac.
9. Flicka, in "My Friend Flicka," by Mary O'Hara.
10. Oscar, in "Chad Hanna," by Walter D. Edmonds.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

AMATEUR PHILOSOPHER: The secret of happy living has been discovered at Mirror Lake Inn, Lake Placid. Recipe includes memorable meals, beach patio, sun terrace, ice skating, tennis, record library, game room, and the company of congenial people.

EARN GOOD INCOME tracing ancestry. Details for stamp. Booknook 3, Marblehead, Mass.

LITERARY CONTEST: Open to amateurs and professionals. Long stories $25. Short stories $20. Light essays or sketches $20. Poems $20. Send for rules or address manuscripts now to: "The Villager," Bronxville, New York.

YOUNG LADY, quiet, interesting, desires correspondence with cultured vegetarians. Box 251-K.

THOUGHTFUL READERS interested in new literature of permanent value by promising young writers, subscribe to quarterly INTERIM, only literary magazine in the Pacific Northwest, 1536 Shenandoah Drive, Seattle 2, Washington. $1.50 a year. $.40 a copy.

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SINCERE, QUIET GENTLEMAN, thirtyish, romantically inclined, longing for correspondence with lonely woman. Box 271-K.

A GOOD LISTENING AUDIENCE, as of a wide variety of cultural interests, is to be found in any one of our Hobby Club groups, coast-to-coast; they offer use of their own places of assembly, in one instance seating 300; mostly daytime, Thursday evenings, or Sunday 12:00 noon to 3:00 P. M.; timely topics, controversial-subject debates, or something new in religion are in order; "Little Theater" and other groups fostered; Art Exhibitions sponsored nationally this winter in the interest of rising young artists and "covergirls" of tomorrow. Write only, please, to business office of: Hobby Clubs of America, 131 West 42nd Street, New York City 18.

GENTLEMAN, BACHELOR, THIRTYISH, businessman, desires interesting feminine correspondence. Box 268-K.

HERE'S ONE MAN—a Western product—who's not afraid of smart women and seeks epistolary contacts with those thirtyish who possibly have a flair for science; Massachusetts residents especially interesting. Box 269-K.

EUROPEAN, YOUNG, EDUCATED, widely traveled, in an immediate social vacuum, seeks original, diverting, intriguing feminine correspondence. Box 270-K.

PERSONALS

PENNSYLVANIA GENEALOGIES a specialty. Efficiently searched. Box 226-K.

A PLAY that requires finance, depicting the wonders of private enterprise and the vicissitudes of every form of Socialism. Only congenial patrons' or angels' funds accepted. Box 235-K.

YOUNG PROFESSIONAL MAN, fortyish, ambitious, desires correspondence with a serious female. Box 274-K.

NEW YORKER, centrally located, desires services efficient secretary Monday evenings. Box 275-K.

WANTED: A ghost to work on manuscript submitted to publisher, who reports book is good but needs rewriting. Box 276-K.

YOUNG, PRETTY, not ultra-sophisticated, decided literary tastes, talents problematical, desires correspondence gentleman guide her to success. Box 277-K.

LAY THAT WANT AD DOWN, BOSS! Here's a chance to get back on the gold standard with a perfect gem of a secretary. Loads of intelligence, experience and savoir faire in law, research and publishing are yours for reasonably handsome wages. Box 278-K.

WILL A LOVELY, but lonely, widow, fortyish, write to successful gentleman, personable, fiftyish? Box 279-K.

SMART FEMALE, any age, wanted to handle all detail small factory office near Flushing, must be steno, assist with books, answer busy phone and dozen other things. Compensation: permanence, pleasant associates, $165-175 starting salary. Box 280-K.

UNWILLINGLY LONELY LADY, fortyish, interested in people, ideas and beauty in any form, would enjoy corresponding with mature man of similar tastes compounded with humor. Box 281-K.

TWENTYISH FEMALE seeks adventure through correspondence from males so inclined. Box 282-K.

YOUNG WOMAN, STRANDED in narrow world of people in midwest, interested in creativeness, however it is expressed, needs contact with more alive thinking, feeling world. Box 283-K.

MANHATTAN AUTHOR seeks serious, intelligent young lady, poised, cultural background, creative ability, financially solvent, interested in writing career, as collaborator. Splendid future. Box 285-K.

EXPERT RESEARCH WORKERS will unearth information you seek. Splaver Research Bureau, 720 Hunts Point Avenue, New York 59.

PLAYWRIGHT, AUTHOR, TEACHER of play, short story and novel writing will help young male or female writer in exchange for secretarial work. Box 232-K.

COUNTRY PLACE WANTED. Couple, she author of many books, he publishers executive, with boy, 8, quiet and sensible. 30-45 minutes from Grand Central, reasonable rent, 4 rooms necessary. Who knows something? Box 264-K.

YOUNG MAN residing in Minnesota would like to hear from a girl twentyish or thirtyish from either the same state or geographical territory immediately adjacent to same state. Box 265-K.

NEW ARMY FLIERS SONG. "Ten Little Gremlins." With attractive title page. 35c. Alice Wilcox, publisher, 130 West 57th Street, New York City 19.

UNUSUAL STENOGRAPHER-SECRETARY with cost accounting background, highest references, available for New York City position October 15th. Salary $40. Box 203-K.

NOT A CIVILIAN? Correspondence between servicemen or servicewomen and persons not known to them is in violation of War Department instructions to all military personnel. We are unable to forward mail received from servicemen. If you wish your letters returned, we shall be glad to oblige.

(Continued on next page)

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page* 33)

WANT A PLACE TO LIVE? Working liberal with fondness for music (thick walls), writing (quiet and privacy), painting (north light), plenty of room (floors through), cooking (newly equipped small kitchen), bathing (new bathroom), offers all these items plus three fireplaces in duplex upper half of house in Greenwich Village; 34-foot living-dining room; 3 bedrooms; 1-3 year lease; $250 a month furnished. Available October 15th. No hopeful indigents need apply. No Republicans allowed. Phone —after 10 A.M.—CHelsea 3-8579.

YOUNG, UNATTACHED COLLEGE WOMAN wishes share living expenses or receive board San Francisco area, starting late October. Box 290-K.

HAS ANYONE AN IDEA as to how a fun loving college student in New York City can make a little badly needed cash in an interesting, unusual way on Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays? If you have, reply immediately. Box 291-K.

YOUNG BUSINESS WOMAN, with wide variety of interests, seeks correspondence with sincere, friendly gentleman. Box 292-K.

MANUSCRIPT TYPIST, accurate. 342 Madison Avenue, Room 701. MU 2-5791.

INDIGENT YOUNG WOMAN, M. A., seeks part-time job 7-10, three evenings per week. Typing, rusty steno, plus administrative ability. Daytime occupation personnel interviewer. Box 293-K.

WOULD ANY SRL READER be interested in buying at a saving 1400-ft. steam boiler, slow pressure with stoker; two sixty gallon brandy casks; one heavy duty boat trailer (can carry boat up to six feet long); one hundred foot fire hose, like new; lady's Hudson Seal jacket (size 40), used but in good condition; one South Bend lathe, 9-inch swing with motor; 20 pounds shady grass seed; complete file Union City (N. J.) Hudson Observer for 1927. Box 294-K.

WRITER, THINKER, fortyish, not yet destitute, considers moving to the country for subsistence farming if he can get a community of sincere people to join, partly for the human balance of congeniality and stimulation, partly for sharing tools and cutting expenses. Box 295-K.

QUIET LADY, WRITER, desires simple apartment winter months; reasonable. References. Box 296-K.

WESTERN WOMAN, lively, personable, fortyish, nostalgic for New England, wants letters from New England males. Box 272-K.

BACHELOR, 35, DESIRES Manhattan living quarters. Would consider sharing. Access to piano of interest but not essential. Leave name and address evenings GRamercy 3-3713.

WHO IS DRIVING to California this fall and wants feminine passenger or train companion for child or invalid? Box 273-K.

ROVING SECRETARY. Extensive publishing experience. Manuscripts expertly typed, stenography, indexing, and editorial advice. Call Winifred Clark, 143-16 Sanford Avenue, Flushing. FL 9-2216.

GENTLEMAN DESIRES RENT, season or year, centrally located Manhattan housekeeping apartment, furnished or unfurnished. Box 286-K.

SMALL DISCUSSION GROUP would like to know of informal, inexpensive eating place in the west 60's or 70's. Box 287-K.

COLLEGE GIRL, usually scintillating, now depressed, with liberal ideas, quarantined because of polio, craves stimulating correspondence with male, preferably Bohemian. Box 288-K.

YOUNG WOMAN, recently back from photographic-editorial assignment in the Arctic, does not relish return to city life. Has anyone unusual job opportunity or suggestion? Box 289-K.

WANTED. Trained Librarian for Bookmobile operated county library in the midwest. Experience preferred. Salary $1700. Box 284-K.

PERSONALS

PERSONABLE YOUNG WOMAN desires congenial male correspondence. Box 267-K.

MUSIC MAGAZINE needs secretary immediately. Interesting, responsible position for right person. Five-day week. Modern Music, City Center, 130 West 56 St., New York.

WOMAN, 35, (B.A., Lit., Soc.) executive experienced, psychoanalyzed. Interested publicity, editing, research. Box 297-K.

A-1 SECRETARY desires evening and Saturday employment. Box 298-K.

HELP! Quarantined for polio. Going insane. Teen-age, Irish, interested in anything, especially male correspondence. Box 299-K.

YOUR FAITH IS RIGHT FOR YOU, be it a formal belief or merely self-confidence. Can I, an earnest metaphysical student, contact a dignified periodical that would consider this American viewpoint through a series of articles, a regular column or a question and answer department? Box 300-K.

YOUNG BACHELOR, said to be good looking, interested in the arts, desires to correspond with others of same interests. Box 301-K.

WANTED: Concord and Walden editions of Thoreau's works. Box 302-K.

TRANSLATIONS: German, Polish, Greek, Latin. Inexpensive, expert linguist. Box 303-K.

PRINCETONESQUE PAUPER, beginning book, seeks shelter (sunlit, secluded). Box 304-K.

WHERE ARE ALL the congenial, resourceful, attractive, common sense girls, twentyish, with professional or artistic inclinations, appreciation of light classics, good popular music, books, theater, and interesting correspondence? Honorably discharged army man, twentyish, educated, high-principled, responsible, with a longing for friendship, would welcome correspondence from this sort of young lady. How about giving a sincere young fellow a chance? Box 305-K.

IS THERE A THIRTYISH, unattached femme who cares to correspond with thirtyish male, interested art, theater, playwriting, country? Box 306-K.

GHOSTWRITER AVAILABLE: Family histories, autobiographies, reminiscences. Confidential. Box 307-K.

THEATER LOVERS offered opportunity as co-producers in Broadway theater stock venture; sponsor new ideas, talent. Box 308-K.

WRITER-EDITOR POSITION wanted. Varied background: radio, movies, ghostwriting, health, art, magazine work. Box 309-K.

BUDDHIST WOMEN: Are you interested in retreat or ashrama where we could sojourn at times to be taught? I don't collect or handle funds. Merely trying to awaken Buddhists to united endeavor. Box 310-K.

BOOKS FOR SEAMEN: The American Merchant Marine Library needs 300,000 books in the next six months, 75,000 in New York alone. Our sailors find their only diversion and relaxation during long and often perilous voyages, in the books supplied by this Library, and they are omnivorous readers. Last year we made up libraries for the voyages of 2198 merchant ships. Look around for good books you are through with, then write or phone Mrs. Henry Howard, American Merchant Marine Library, 45 Broadway, New York City. (Phone BOwling Green 9-0220) and don't underrate our seamen's intelligence.

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The Crostics Club

JOHN R. MINER, Rochester, Minn., refers me to Fowler's "Dictionary of Modern Usage" for an interesting discussion of the *that-which* usage. Walter R. Spofford, librarian of the Chicago University Club, comments with authority on the uses of *shall* and *will;* Hazel Duncan, on a visit from Chicago to Anne Rothe, N. Y., thinks that "one reason why many persons consciously or unconsciously say 'due to' when they mean 'owing to' is the complete awkwardness of that phrase 'owing to.' Although correct, it sounds artificial and archaic. The word *because of* may always be substituted to make a better-sounding sentence." And she appends a verse on the subject published in her new book, "Poemettes of the Hour," entitled *Owing To Due To, I Say Because:*

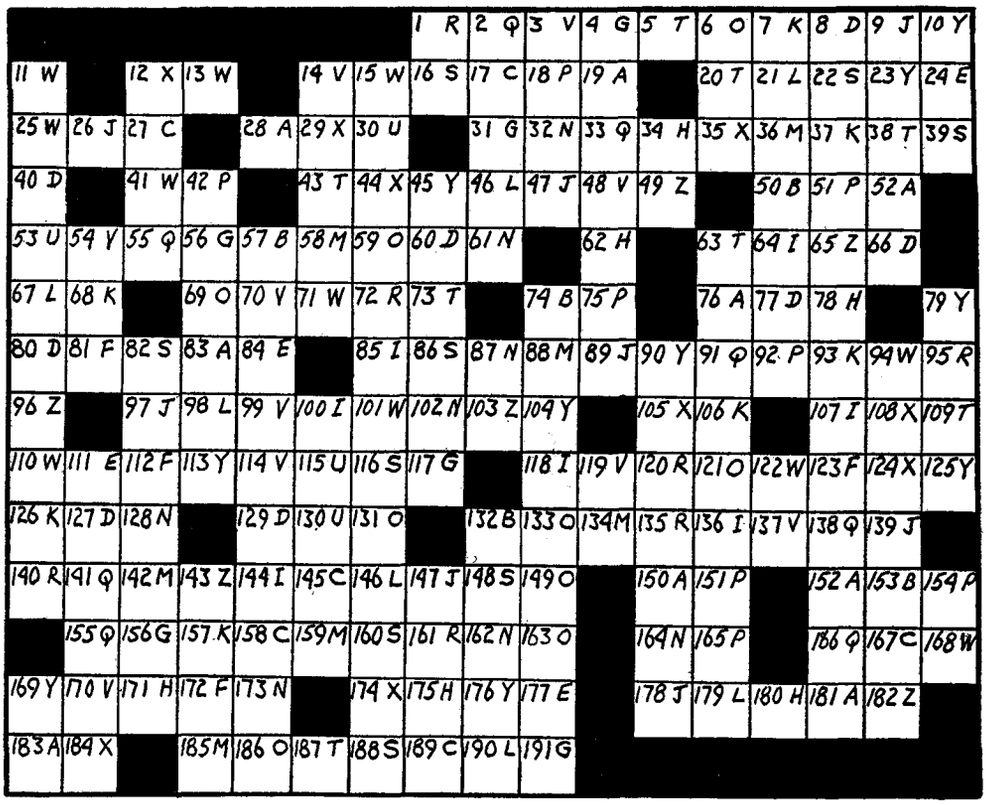
Most editors think they have reason
To say misuse of "due to" is treason;
They'd give this a nod,
That, "Owing to God
The weather is due to the season."

Callings to account: D. G. B., Santa Fe, N. M., apropos No. 542 writes: "As good an officer as Moffett was he was only a lieutenant commander in 1907, whereas the C-in-C of the U. S. Fleet was a rear admiral. (Evans began the World Cruise; Thomas led the middle part; Sperry, the latter part)." Her words have the ring of knowledge. I can't this moment lay my finger on the authority used, but I could not have made up such facts out of whole cloth. I'll seek later.—Warren K. Hale, N. H., as a matter of curiosity, not criticism, wonders why I omitted the hyphen in *tonight* in Holmes's poem of "The Boys," for he feels sure Holmes must have hyphenated the word. I haven't my Holmes handy, but as *tonight* in those days was spelled with a hyphen, whereas today (!) the preference is for its omission, no doubt Holmes followed common usage. Often to save box space I use the spelling of our time, especially with those words that the English spell with *ou,* like *labour, splendour,* and the like.

Lt. A. B. Shepperson, U. S. N. R., Fleet Radio Unit, c/o San Francisco Post Office, in appreciation of the many pleasant hours DCs have given him sends me some of his own make.

A most appreciative letter has come from Mrs. Paul W. Siever, Chicago. Having met DCs some six or seven years ago while students in the University of Chicago, she and her sister at once "splurged" on a subscription to the *SRL.* Of course they are now *SRL* fans in general along with their fealty to *The New Yorker;* they work with reference books; and although married, with an infant daughter to distract, Mrs. Siever manages to keep up with the DCs, and gets a great kick out of them on occasions.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 550

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 11 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Latticelike (Bot.)

B. Any bitter war or crusade for a principle or belief (Moham. origin).

C. Mexican political leader, exiled in U. S. (1924-33).

D. A field of bloodshed (Bib.)

E. Primeval giant from whose body the gods created the world (Norse myth.)

F. Gaulish god of vegetation, equated with Mars or Mercury.

G. Contemptible persons; fools, skunks, etc.

H. Highest mountain in Asia Minor, in Turkey (12,566 ft.)

I. A constellation containing Antares.

J. Blurred or dazzled vision, as in dizziness.

K. Related by marriage; from the same source.

L. Semi-solid cheeselike fermented preparation of the Levant.

M. "The Tragic Muse" of Reynolds (1755-1831).

N. In the position of having declared oneself (2 words).

O. A Pharisee of the Sanhedrin, secret disciple of Jesus and defender at the trial.

P. French journalist, founder of *Le Temps* (Editor of it, 1861-71).

Q. A triple prayer in the sacrifice of the Mass, and its music (R. C. Ch.)

R. Working with effort or strain.

S. Mirthless.

T. Authorized to perform a service.

U. Central tableland of Arabia.

V. Incapable of being broken, dissolved or penetrated; immovable.

W. An agent of the devil; an evildoer (3 words).

X. One of the malevolent planets (Saturn, Mars, sometimes Mercury) if unfavorably aspected (Astrol.)

Y. Pertaining to most of the Uto-Aztecan tribes in the U. S.

Z. An upright rough stone; a monolith alone or as one of a circle (Archaeol.)

WORDS

181 83 28 152 76 19 150 183 52

132 74 153 50 57

17 158 189 167 27 145

129 127 60 8 40 77 66 80

84 177 111 24

123 81 172 112

117 56 4 31 156 191

171 175 34 180 62 78

107 144 136 85 100 118 64

97 178 147 47 139 9 26 89

93 68 106 37 126 7 157

98 67 21 179 46 190 146

185 58 142 36 88 134 159

164 162 32 128 87 102 173 61

6 133 59 121 131 149 69 186 163

51 154 151 165 75 92 18 42

2 166 141 55 138 155 33 91

120 161 140 95 72 1 135

160 22 188 86 116 16 82 148 39

5 63 187 20 38 43 73 109

130 115 53 30

54 170 48 99 70 114 3 137 119 14

122 15 11 94 41 110 13 25 101 168 71

12 29 174 105 124 184 35 44 108

10 45 176 104 113 23 90 79 125 169

103 96 49 182 143 65

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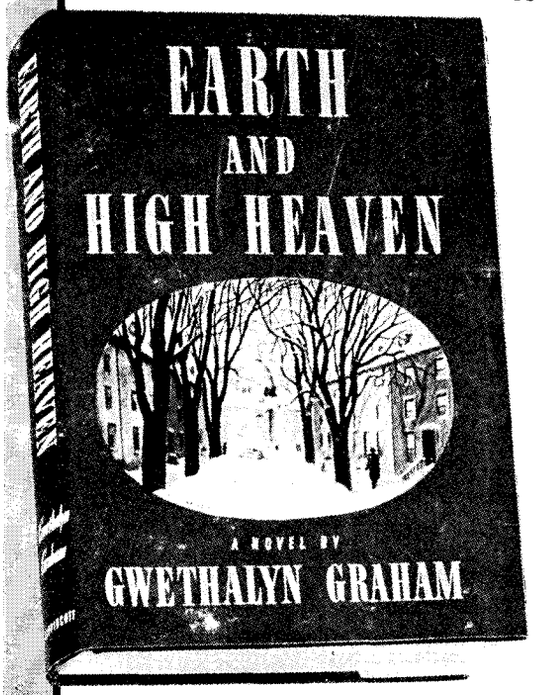
to make their vision real



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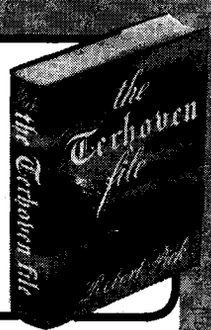

By Robert Pick. "It may be too early to say that here is another Conrad, but the comparison is inevitable. This novel has all the sharp excitement of a spy story heightened by deeply serious overtones. It is a masterpiece of invention."
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DEMOCRACY BEGINS AT HOME

By Jennings Perry. The story of the Tennessee Poll-tax fight, by the editor of the Nashville *Tennessean.* "One must go back to Lincoln Steffens and his muckraker friends for the mood, spirit, and social intention of this book... exciting reporting and even better social politics."—Louis M. Hacker—*Book-of-the-Month Club News.*
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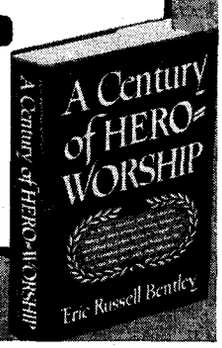
A CENTURY OF HERO-WORSHIP



By Eric Russell Bentley. "A brilliant, illuminating analysis of the philosophical and literary movement which, for over a hundred years, has tried to establish the 'hero' as the prime determinant of history... As fine a critical performance as has appeared in a long time."—*The New Yorker.* *Illustrated* $3.50

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